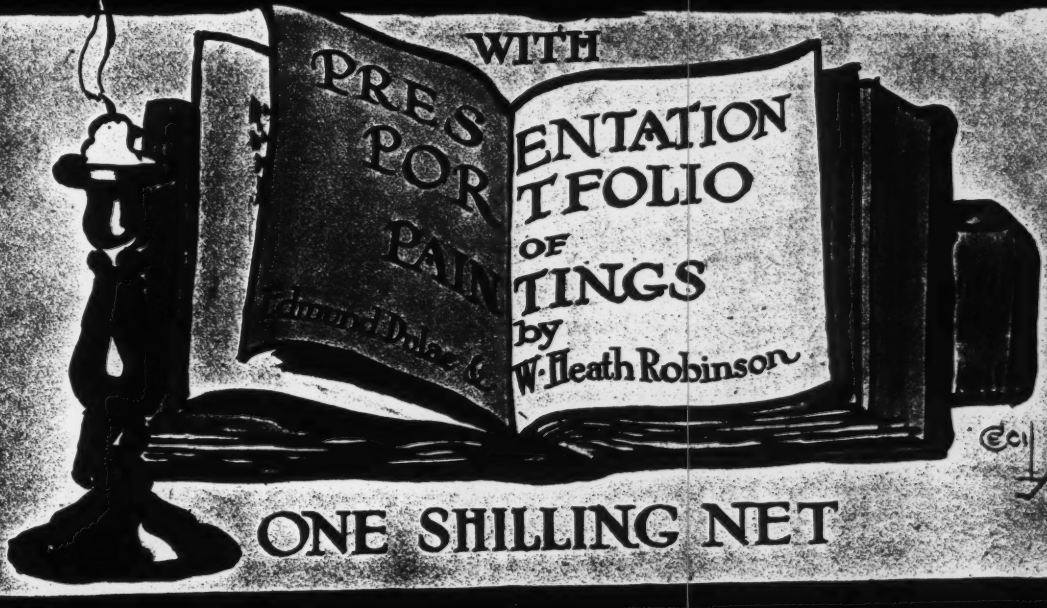
THE BOOKMAN

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1908

WITH PRESENTATION PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS by W. Heath Robinson



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THE BOOKMAN

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A Portfolio of Drawings in Colour

BY

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Illustrating Scenes from "The Tempest" and "Twelfth Night"

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The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In placing another Christmas Double Number of THE BOOKMAN in the hands of our readers, we take advantage of the occasion to wish them very heartily all the compliments of the season, and to say how greatly we appreciate the kindly personal relations that have grown up betwixt them and ourselves. For the Number itself, we can wish it only the good fortune which similar Numbers have always met with in former years—that it may prove alike interesting and serviceable to them. Our Illustrated Supplements, the special article on "Christmas in Fairyland," added to the usual features of the magazine, and the unusually large number of miscellaneous reviews, will, we feel sure, be found an exhaustive and invaluable guide to the Christmas bookbuyer, no matter what variety of gift-book, for young or adult readers, he may be seeking at this season. Our presentation portfolio contains a set of paintings by Mr. Edmund Dulac and Mr. W. Heath Robinson illustrating scenes from "The Tempest" and "Twelfth Night," and our frontispiece is a colour-picture by Mr. Arthur Rackham illustrating a scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for providing which our thanks are due to Mr. Heinemann.

Mrs. L. B. Walford.

Almost every publisher in the country has been good enough to assist us greatly in the matter of illustrations; we have made due and full acknowledgments to each of them elsewhere, but must add a word here to say how sincerely we appreciate their kindnesses and how greatly we are indebted to them collectively for their many and unfailing courtesies.

The centenary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe falling in January, the next issue of THE BOOKMAN will contain a special article on "Poe and Some of his Friends" by John H. Ingram. Mr. Ingram is probably the greatest living authority on whatever relates to the life and character of Poe; he has edited various editions of his works, has written the standard "Life" of Poe, and was the first to inquire thoroughly into and clear up certain dark and theretofore doubtful phases in Poe's chequered career. Amongst his invaluable collection of relics and memorials of Edgar Allan Poe, Mr. Ingram has a unique set of portraits of the poet and his friends, and a selection of these will illustrate his article and a second article on the work of Poe that will be included in the same issue.

Certainly, 1809 was a veritable Year of Wonders; more great men of letters were born in it, perhaps, than in any other of the century, and as a consequence, next year will see the centuries of a brilliant

list of famous authors, including Tennyson, Gladstone, Darwin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward FitzGerald, Mrs. Browning—to whom, as to many another centenarian of equal or lesser renown, THE BOOKMAN will from month to month give special attention. We hope in our next issue to give an adequate programme of the Special Numbers that we shall issue in the course of the year.

Among the other contents of our January Number will be articles on "Napoleon and his Fellow-Travellers," by Dr. William Barry, "The Collected Works of W. B. Yeats," by Walter de la Mare, and an exceptionally interesting symposium on the early struggles of successful novelists (arising out of a statement by Mr. Hall Caine referred to on page 136, in our review of his book "My Story"), the contributors to which include Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, George R. Sims, Charles Marriott, Silas K. Hocking, Edgar Jepson, C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, H. C. Bailey, Thomas Cobb, Bernard Capes, Joseph Hocking, Percy White, John Oxenham, and, with others, one now popular novelist who has written so frankly of his own hard personal experiences that he asks us to allow him to remain anonymous.

Since publishing "Mr. Smith" thirty-five years ago, Mrs. L. B. Walford has written forty-three books, mainly novels or collections of her short stories. Her work is fully as popular in America as it is here; and she had an early intimation of this popularity when she discovered that a piratical American editor was running "Mr. Smith" serially under the title of "Mr. Adams." He had altered nothing in the story except the names of the characters, and the fraud was only detected by chance. On behalf of Mrs. Walford, Mr. Blackwood, her first publisher, prosecuted the offending editor, who was fined and compelled to give up what he called the MS. of his serial, which Mrs. Walford keeps now as a curiosity; it is merely a printed copy of "Mr. Smith" with the names carefully changed.

There is a passage in "Pride and Prejudice" which Mrs. Walford quotes as exactly depicting the lines on which she loves to write. It is the passage in which Darcy alleges that a country neighbourhood can afford few objects for the study of characters, and Elizabeth rejoins that people themselves alter so much that there is something new in them to be observed for ever; whereupon Mrs. Bennet strikes in with, "Yes, indeed, I assure you there is quite as much of *that* going on in the country as in the town." "It is certainly true," adds Mrs. Walford, "that if one can be content to watch human nature in some quiet backwater, one can find it as absorbingly interesting as it is in the heart of the social world. I love a small field; I love to work with a few tools; and I strive with all the effort of which I am capable to breathe into them the breath of life. A crowd of characters is a strain both on the reader's attention and memory, and it is a snare for young authors." Very seldom do Mrs. Walford's novels embody any personal experiences; she finds enough subjects for study in the world without.

Photo by Milne, Turriff, N.B. **Mrs. Flora Annie Steel.**

"The Golden Precipice," Mr. Marriott Watson's new novel, is a thorough-going treasure yarn of the fine old time-honoured type. Mr. Watson regards the "treasure story" as a distinct department of fiction, as distinct as, say, the tale of mystery or the fairy tale, and holds that the material necessary to the occasion should be handled strictly within the limitations of the department, as the poet handles the theme of a sonnet within fourteen lines, or in writing a ballade preserves the orthodox order of his rhymes and his refrain. "I have no superiority as to the treasure story," Mr. Marriott Watson genially declares, "and can enjoy writing it as well as reading it, but one does not necessarily desire to go on writing (or reading) this sort of fiction continuously." His next book, with which he has made some progress, is to be a serious study of modern life, dealing partly with speculative financial circles in the City, partly with country society, its narrowness and snobbery, but mainly, after all, with a great passion.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel is convinced that the day of the novel, as a novel, is over. There will always be a certain number of the trivial sort written for the amusement of the idle, but she feels that the general reader is, on the whole, nowadays a thoughtful person, and wants something more than a tale in his fiction. With this belief, she set herself, in " A Prince of Dreamers," to write something that should " take its place with the intelligent—something that might bring refreshment by giving a glimpse of what, for want of a better phrase, one may call the fourth dimension ; that is, something beyond love stories and cups of tea." Concerning her hero, Akbar, Mrs. Steel tells us she has still volumes to say. " The critics are inclined to sniff at him—or at me," she adds ; " to say that he is a mongrel of my imagination and no reality ; that no man of action such as he was could be a dreamy mystic. Let them read every scrap of writing concerned with him, as I have done, and then repeat what they have said—if they can. I think they will have to confess that what they have called ' twentieth-century philanthropy ' is to be found word for word in the sixteenth, and that I have specific warranty for all I have written."

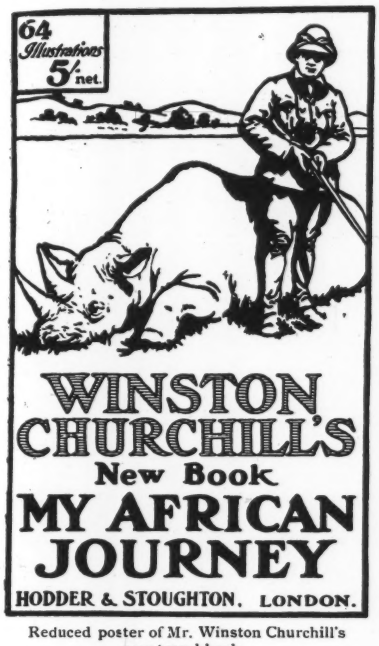
Already Mrs. Steel is busy on another novel that follows the same lines as " A Prince of Dreamers," but has a modern setting. The new book is to be called " The Law of the Threshold."

Photo by Ramsden, Leicester. **Mr. A. B. Talbot.**

Photo by Russell & Sons. **"Morice Gerard."**

One of the most successful historical novels of the year is Mr. Morice Gerard's " Purple Love." It is a virile, finely imagined romance, and has met with an exceptionally enthusiastic reception, one reviewer boldly comparing it with the work of Scott and Dumas. Mr. Gerard has a great deal of work in hand ; he is among the most popular serial writers of the day, and has, moreover, signed contracts for four books that are to appear within the next two years. Next year also is to see the reissue by three different publishers of cheap editions of three of his best stories : " Rose of Blenheim," " The Red Seal," and " A Gentleman of London."

It required no small courage at this time of day to put forth a new translation of Omar Khayyam and to cast it in the metre that we inevitably associate with FitzGerald. But Mr. Arthur B. Talbot has thus greatly dared, and in the result is justified of his daring. He has aimed at a more literal rendering than FitzGerald's, and reading it one can realise how much that is richest in the other version is FitzGerald's own. Mr. Talbot has relied on Mr. Heron-Allen's excellent prose translation, setting himself to fashion that into metrical form, and Mr. Heron-Allen has given him the unqualified praise of saying, " You have achieved a task which I have always considered—and declared—to be impossible of accomplishment." Some critics have written disparagingly of it—that was to be expected ; but the majority have fully recognised the high poetical qualities of Mr. Talbot's work,



Reduced poster of Mr. Winston Churchill's new travel-book.

and the fact that over a thousand copies of the book have already been sold speaks sufficiently for itself. This latest translator of Omar is no professional literary man, but a solicitor, admitted in 1895, and now practising in Leicester with the firm of Messrs. Haxby & Partridge, and his only previous appearances as an author have been in certain local papers and in a primitive school newspaper that he founded and edited whilst he was at Hinckley Grammar School.

George Colmore's new novel, "Priests of Progress," is a powerful indictment of vivisection. Five years ago, it seems, the author became deeply interested in this subject, and feeling impelled to study it closely, found that, almost in spite of herself, she was whole-heartedly in sympathy with the anti-vivisectionists. "I felt then," she says, "that I must do, or try to do, something to help that side, and my first attempt was made by writing to Zola asking him if he would not make vivisection the subject of one of his books. But this was shortly before his death, and I had no reply. Then it was borne in upon me that I, to the best of my ability, must carry out the task, and, shrinking and dreading it, I began preparations for doing so. The difficulty of that task has been great. Wherever I turned I found what seemed either a blank wall or a closed door, till I nearly despaired of arriving at technical information or reliable facts—facts, that is, of which I could furnish proof. At length, however, one of the closed doors opened, and after that, little by little, I discovered means of obtaining all I needed."

Photo by Francis, Saffron Walden. **G. Colmore (Mrs. Baillie Weaver).**

Scrupulously striving to be fair, "George Colmore" has, she says, put forward all the arguments she has ever heard advanced in favour of vivisection, and has added others that occurred to her as possible; in opposition to these she has stated the reasons, ethical or otherwise, which appear to her to condemn vivisection. "This portrait of me," Mrs. Weaver writes, referring to the one we publish, "was taken really on the dogs' account; I sat by them merely to keep them quiet"; in fact, two dogs play small parts in "Priests of Progress."

So seldom does an author's personality come up to the high expectations his readers have formed of it that it is gratifying to know that the writer of Mr.

Imaginary portrait of Rupert Lorraine, by J. Sharpless.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Miss Rosamond Langbridge.**
Author of "Imperial Richenda."

Fisher Unwin's hundred-pound Prize Novel, Mr. Rupert Lorraine, stands six foot two in his boots, and, as befits the author of that vigorous romance "The Woman and the Sword," is so far from being a mere bookworm that he loves the open air and the country, is a keen sportsman with rod and gun, and proficient in the old English pastimes of archery and bowls. It is perhaps a little disquieting to learn that, with all this, his favourite recreation is the unheroic game of croquet, but 'twas ever thus.

With the exception of one book on children, "The Rising Generation," all Miss C. E. Maud's recent work has dealt with French life. "An English Girl in Paris," "My French Friends," and "Felicity in France" enjoyed a popularity that seems likely to fall also to the lot of her newest book, "A Daughter of France," which we review on another page. Miss Maud began her literary career as a writer of books for children, and the success of her "Wagner's Heroes," "Wagner's Heroines," and "Heroines of Poetry" have brought her such repeated invitations to continue the series that she is making up her mind to do so.

So much has already been written concerning the approaching Milton Tercentenary that, more particularly as it is not long since we published a special Milton Number of THE BOOKMAN, we felt it might have a fresher interest for our readers if we devoted our own Tercentenary article to a consideration of the latest foreign criticism of his work.

Tercentenary celebrations have already been held by literary societies in various parts of the country; a list of those that London has seen or is to see would take a column to itself. On December 8 the Master of Peterhouse delivers an address on "Milton's Life and Work" to a special meeting of the British Academy, and Sir Frederick Bridge will discuss "'Comus' and its Incidental Music," his discourse being "illustrated" by the choristers of Westminster Abbey. On the Tercentenary Day, December 9, the Bishop of Ripon will preach at an afternoon commemorative service at St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, and in the evening the Lord Mayor presides at a banquet in honour of the occasion at the Mansion House. One of the most interesting of London's local celebrations will take place on the same evening at the Stoke Newington Public Library, where the Rev. A. B. Boyd Carpenter will deliver an appreciation of the Poet, and Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, J.P., D.L., will give lantern views of portraits and homes of Milton, accompanied with recitations from his works and the playing of a selection of contemporary music.

Mr. Clement Shorter.
Whose new book on "The Brontës" is reviewed on p. 152.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best six mottoes for the New Year, selected from the works of English authors.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to Miss ANTHONY BROWN, of Broomhill, Beckenham, for the following:

THE MEANING OF MR. CHESTERTON. BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

"Why, that I cannot tell, said he."
SOUTHEY, *The Battle of Blenheim.*

From the numerous other quotations received we select the following:

THE MEANING OF MR. CHESTERTON.

"The method employed I would gladly explain,
While I have it so clear in my head,
If I had but the time and you had but the brain,
But much yet remains to be said."—LEWIS CARROLL.

(Miss E. C. Rhodes, Foggathoye House, Rutland Road, Harrogate.)

THE GHOST KINGS. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Step in, he said
Among the dead,
And pick out which you like."—HOOD.

(Sophia Pumphrey, 5, Maple Road, Bournville.)

NEW LIGHT ON IMMORTALITY. BY E. E. F. L'ALBE.

"'But du pray tell me, 'fore we furder go,
How in all Natur' did you come to know
'Bout our affairs,' sez I, 'in Kingdom-Come?'"
LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers.*

(K. L. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.)

MR. BERNARD SHAW.

"Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself."—WHITMAN, *Song of Myself.*

(Sidney F. Hooper, Ingleton, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick, London, W.)

JOHN SILENCE, PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY. BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

"And silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound."
O. WENDELL HOLMES, *The Music Grinders.*

(Miss Bent, Goodworth House, Andover, Hants.)

THE DISADVANTAGES OF WORKING IN LONDON AND OUT OF IT.

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs. . . .
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears."—*The Tempest.*

(John M. Judd, 31, North Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.)

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE. BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

"'You are old, Father William,' the young man said
'And your hair has become very white.'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

SOME THREEPENNY BITS. BY GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

"See the miser o'er his treasure
Gloating wi' a greedy e'e."—BURNS.

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

II.—This Prize has been divided, and instead of Three New Novels we are giving Four—two to Miss V. LOUISE WRENCH, of D'Anvers House, Banbury, and two to Mr. J. A. JENKINS, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, both competitors having sent in the following:

ADVICE FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE TO A YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN ABOUT TO MARRY.

"A certain sort of talent is almost indispensable for people who would spend years together, and not bore themselves to death. But the talent, like the agreement, must be for and about life. To dwell happily together, they should be versed in the niceties of the heart, and born with a faculty for willing compromise. The woman must be talented as a woman, and it will not much matter although she is talented in nothing else. She must know her *métier de femme*, and have a fine touch for the affections. And it is more important that a person should be a good gossip, and talk pleasantly and smartly of common friends and the thousand and one nothings of the day and hour, than that she should speak with the tongues of men and angels: for a while together by the fire happens more frequently in marriage than the presence of a distinguished foreigner to dinner. That people should laugh over the same sort of jests, and have many a story of 'grouse in the gun-room,' many an old joke between them which time cannot wither nor custom stale, is a better preparation for life, by your leave, than many things higher and better sounding in the world's ears. You could read Kant by yourself, if you wanted, but you must share a joke with some one else. You can forgive people who do not follow you through a philosophical disquisition; but to find your wife laughing when you had tears in your eyes, or staring

when you were in a fit of laughter, would go some way towards a dissolution of the marriage. . . .

Whatever keeps a man in the front garden, whatever checks wandering fancy and all inordinate ambition, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness."—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *Virginibus Puerisque*.

Quite a number of competitors have sent another passage from the same book of Stevenson's and even more have submitted Mr. Punch's historic advice—"Don't!" The best of the other selections received are those from Alexander MacLennan (Callander, N.B.), E. M. Forrest (Liverpool), Miss Edith Cullum (Needham Market), C. E. W. Brayley (Cheltenham), Miss Kathleen Huxley (Wotton), Miss Ethel O'Dell (Stratford, E.), Miss Marion Burd (Solihull), and M. C. Jobson (Harrogate).

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to Mr. L. WELBY, Maycroft, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, for the following:

H.M.I.: Some Passages in the Life of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. By E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY. (Macmillan.)

This singularly pleasant book treats largely of other times and other manners, and there is an old-world fragrance in its pages. It is interesting for the "inspected" to see life through the eyes of the Inspector. One imagines that Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley must have been an unusually welcome Inspector. His geniality and kindly humour brighten the dullest experience, and his understanding of and sympathy with points of view totally at variance from his own must have greatly lightened the arduous nature of his work. It is a book to keep and read in cheerless weather.

The best of the large number of other reviews submitted are:

ORTHODOXY. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (John Lane.)

We know Mr. Chesterton as essayist, biographer, philosopher, politician, poet: he now appears as Defender of the Faith, with his accustomed vigour and boisterous optimism, cheerfully mis-stating opponents' positions, alternating persiflage and paradox, yet with an earnestness and moral purpose which compel admiration. It is his spiritual autobiography. "A pagan at the age of twelve," "a complete agnostic" at sixteen, Huxley, Spencer, and Bradlaugh sowed in his mind the "first wild doubts of doubt." In this extraordinary manner he came to Christianity. His beliefs merged into Orthodoxy, his Utopias into the New Jerusalem. Mr. Chesterton has written a brilliant book."

(G. E. Wakerley, 9 Myrtle Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW. By E. M. FORSTER. (Arnold.)

The title of Mr. Forster's book is sufficiently suggestive to arouse expectations, and the book itself amply fulfils them. The author has combined real humour with true romantic feeling. Though the book is exceptionally pleasing, we lay it down unsatisfied. A writer who can paint "love among the violets" ought to be able to avoid an ending which partakes of the nature of an anti-climax. Moreover, we have serious doubts as to whether Mr. Forster's rather inartistic solution of the heroine's perplexities would ensure for her the habitation of "a room with a view."

(Miss Ethel J. M. Milner, Lawn House, Atkin's Road, Clapham Park, S.W.)

INDIA THROUGH THE AGES: A Popular and Picturesque History of India. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. (Routledge.)

This is an amazingly interesting little book, and one can only wish that Mrs. Steel would write a history on a larger scale—one in which she could enter into detailed accounts of some of the more notable and romantic periods. Her intricate knowledge of India is well known, and this short, condensed history scarcely does it justice; on almost every page there is evidence of how much she is obliged to ignore. The style is as easy and charming as in her fascinating novels. This, to one who knows them, is to say all that is necessary in praise."

(E. Ward, 80, King Street., Southsea.)

MAMMA. By RHODA BROUGHTON. (Macmillan.)

"Mamma" is a distinctly interesting character-sketch drawn by a skilful hand. She is admirably depicted as the central figure of a purely domestic drama. Daughters, sons-in-law, and grandchildren all worship at her shrine in their own way: their failings are cleverly drawn, and the genius of "Mamma" in holding her own with one and all calls for sincerest admiration. We rejoice that the "breezy" artist promises to bring some brightness into the life of Lucia, "Mamma's" faithful nurse, and—drudge: the intercourse between the two is full of interest. "Mammas" and "Lucias" help to oil the wheels of life!

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

Several competitors have again exceeded the hundred-word limit, and are disqualified. The average merit of the large remainder is uncommonly high, and we specially commend the reviews of Miss Kathleen Comber (Hoylake), C. L. Arden (Burton-on-Trent), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), Miss C. Nesta Farwell (Maidenhead), Miss F. S. Alexander (Highbury, N.), Arthur O'Connor (Knowle), Miss Godley (Chapelizod), J. Ewing (Cambridge), Adam Miller (Leeds), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), and Miss Helen Smythe (Notting Hill, W.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to Mrs. G. O. ARNOLD, Beech Hill Road, Sheffield.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

DECEMBER, 1908.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THE equipment of the literary man forms a subject that is worth studying. We will grant him first the power to write. Let him have this, it is well and good with him, but he is not yet the creator, the proven artist in words. He may be conscious of his power, but he yet lacks the wherewithal to demonstrate it. A story-teller without a story is of no account. It is experience that he must have, for it is experience that is the basis of all creative work, and this is as true in the case of the purest imaginative writer as in that of the extremist realist. He must have seen, or heard, or felt something before he can express it. Something must have happened to him. And it is these happenings that are the essential part of the literary man's equipment. Ideas have suggested themselves to him in what he has seen while he looked on at the life around him, or they have presented themselves to him clothed in printed words, or they may have come to him in dreams. Once they have come to him he is ready, equipped with his talent and his subjects, to prove himself a novelist, a critic, a poet. The poet sings for other poets; if there is a little poetry in our nature he appeals to us, but to a small part of us. The critic's work is of the library and the desk; it cannot help but be a trifle redolent of dust, of the close air of the study where it was conceived. But it is of breathing, sentient men and women like ourselves that we love to read. Humanity is the same all the world over, but it is more itself, if one may say so, away from the old and elaborate civilisations. Men and women are more real in new and younger countries, and one seems to come more to grips with life in the new townships and scattered farmsteads of South Africa than in crowded London streets. So, firstly, whatever his talents, it is because he is a novelist that Mr. Gibbon's work makes so wide an appeal, and, in the second place, it is owing to the crude and almost primitive conditions of the lives he writes of that his grasp on its basic facts is so manifest.

Photo by W. S. Stuart, Richmond.

Mr. Perceval Gibbon.

Environment, so often a matter of the purest chance, is one of the most potent influences to which the young writer is subjected. Mr. Gibbon began his writer's career, as so many others have done, with free-lance journalism in London, a pursuit as little successful in his case as in that of most of those others. Then Chance or Providence saw fit that he should sail for Africa, where, eighteen months before the war, in the June of 1898, he resumed his writing, a free-lance still. He wandered over the country, taking up one after another that vague sort of appointments whose holders are characterised as on the "outside staff" of papers, and, of much importance, he learnt Dutch. The war-cloud, so long threatening, broke at last, and then, for a young journalist with his apprenticeship through, there opened a prospect of thrilling work, success, and a name. The kind of post he coveted he gained, and went up to the front as representative of a syndicate of colonial papers. There followed much enthusiastic work, and then—capture. Across the Orange River, somewhere above Aliwal North, Mr. Gibbon found himself immured, with several compatriots, within prison bounds. The obvious duty of a special correspondent in such conditions seemed to be to escape, and escape he did, with a friend in the Cape Mounted Police. Naturally he found himself immediately as busy as ever with his work, but he made shift to send a few special articles to the London *Daily Chronicle*. They were received most favourably, and more were asked for. For the first time Mr. Perceval Gibbon's name began to be known in London, when he himself was thousands of miles away from Fleet Street, where he had just essayed to win success. For eighteen months after the close of the war he stayed on in the Colony, joining the *Natal Witness*, rising quickly to the position of chief reporter, and quitting the service of that paper to take up the post of editor of the *Rhodesian Times*. Then, after wanderings through Central Africa and along the East coast, after encounters with lions, meetings and talks with mighty hunters, native chiefs, adventurers,

pioneers, and explorers, he came home. He had gained experience, more than falls to the lot of most men of his age, and he had something of a name, but an enduring position in authorship, or even in London journalism, was still his to make.

With exertion he contrived to gain a sub-editorship on the *Morning Leader*, and he began contributing a series of short stories to the *British Weekly*. He had, too, one small volume already to his credit, a book of verses, "African Items," written, some of them out on the veldt, some in newspaper offices, and a few of them in prison. Published by Elliot Stock in 1903, this slender volume of verses must be unknown to most of the enthusiastic admirers of the novels that came later, but it is marked, along with a few faults of incompleteness and immaturity, by many original and arresting notes of prophesy for future achievement. There are Kipling imitations, there are other weak and unfledged things in it, but there are many lines, some verses, and one or two complete poems, that are finished things of a marked, unusual quality. And there are grim things in it too, for much of Mr. Gibbon's work has an insistent note of grimness. "The Dead Man" is terrible, but it is excellent.

A distinct step on the literary ladder was reached by Mr. Gibbon when first Blackwood's illustrious "Maga" opened its portals to him. A series of his stories began to appear in that magazine. The firm have been the guardians, in this country, of his interests ever since, for they have published all three of his books, "Souls in Bondage," "The Vrouw Grobelaar's Leading Cases," and "Salvator." All the "Leading Cases" appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* before being published in book form.

With the publication of "Souls in Bondage" in 1904, Mr. Gibbon leapt into something very like fame. The book, as he says, "went like fun." In its short thirteen chapters, written in thirteen nights, he achieved a work of art, a vivid, grim, but astonishingly powerful picture of life among the "off-coloured," the South African half-castes. It is difficult for the reader to forget that description of the Dopfontein community:

> "Its status and rank were matters rather of construction than of acknowledged precedent. Here were no white houses of stone, and scarcely any domed brown huts. Unsightly sheds of corrugated iron defaced the earth, and square houses that strove in vain, with glass windows and painted doors, to escape an Oriental flavour. The ground underfoot was littered with old tins and unnameable rubbish, and mean over-cautious domestic beasts, fowls in reason, goats in astonishing number, and an occasional vicious lean pig, rooted and chewed among the offal. Clothes hung on lines in all directions, intimate linen flapped in the wind, and day and night resounded with outcries and laughter and blows. The place crawled with the fevered activity of hell, and all the press and business was to no end. The people that went up and down, who walked the foul ways, lounged on the doorsteps and were seen through open doors in the squalid interiors, carried the Sisyphus curse; for these were the "off-coloured," the half-castes, the outcome of white supremacy in a black country. In the lips, or in the turn of the nose, or in the texture of the hair, the inscrutable mask of the Kaffir was suggested; but colour was not always there to damn a face outright. A girl would pass, a meagre upstanding slip of a thing, white as a queen of Christendom, and with great, dark, tragic eyes. In the flush of a cheek you might detect the faintest subcutaneous tinge of bronze or old gold, but it would be the features—the possibly perfect and beautiful features—that would tell the tale to an Afrikander. There would be a note of the faun, a something lacking, or, perhaps, something present, which would sunder her at once from all who shake the predikant by the hand and go to tea with the magistrate's wife."

In the tragedy of Cecilia's story, and the pathos that enshrouds the figure of old Thwaites, the broken-down attorney, Mr. Gibbon achieved heights that he has sometimes reached again, but never surpassed. The first novel displayed a particular side of South African life, and pictured it, one would think, for all time. "The Vrouw Grobelaar's Leading Cases" depicted another. One loves these figures of Boers, the intensely patriotic, slow-thinking, kindly men, the Katjes and Christinas, mischievous, cheeky, big-hearted girls, and the garrulous, worldly-wise, domineering, though soft-hearted old Vrouw herself. Almost one imagines that if most Englishmen had read this book ten years ago, after meeting such people, we should never have taken up arms against their nation. However, that is another story.

After these two successes, Mr. Gibbon spent some time in the States, as chief staff writer on *McClure's Magazine*. With American readers he quickly found favour and notoriety. A treasured possession of his is a copy of a transatlantic journal containing an article on himself. Its enthusiasm is unbounded, and its phrasing picturesque. "Young Gibson" is therein described as being "tall and slender, and inordinately fond of motoring." One can say many things of Mr. Gibbon, but not that he is either a tall man or that he is addicted to motoring. But he is fond of boxing, and he nurses an affection for golf and the society of bull-dogs. As a boy he used to think he should be fond of the sea, and at sea he did indeed spend some of his early years, the years in which one discovers Stevenson and all the other delightful things. This was after a period of school-days in Germany, where a chance glimpse of Bismarck stands out among the few things Mr. Gibbon remembers. Another treasure brought back from America is some Stevenson MS., retrieved from an office drawer at *McClure's*. One is not surprised that De Maupassant and Gautier should be two more of Mr. Gibbon's early loves, or that Balzac and Bourget should have been added later to the list.

Mr. Gibbon was to try journalism again before settling steadily down to the more sober, if greater, business of authorship. A short time he spent as special correspondent for the *Daily Mail* in Petersburg, when he met De Plehwe. Now, he hopes, he has made his definite farewell to the press. "Salvator," written early this year, has but just appeared. It is still being talked about, and this is hardly the place to review it. There is a book of his, "Meagre Life," that has hitherto only been obtainable in America. I, for one, should like to see an English edition of it. Anyhow, we shall get a good many more novels from Mr. Gibbon. The youthful vigour that marked "Souls in Bondage" four years ago is undiminished, and the art that produced it is ripening still.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND HER FRIENDS.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was the wife of one of the most brilliant English politicians of the nineteenth century; she is the mother of one of the most brilliant English politicians of the twentieth. Her late husband missed the Premiership only by an unfortunate chance of war; her son seems destined for the highest honours that Parliamentary life can grant. But it is not only as the helpmate of one great political figure and the mother of another that Lady Randolph has won distinction among the women of her time. True, had she not married a political genius, the line of her experience might have run less conspicuously through the English public life of the past quarter of a century. But a woman with such qualities of personal beauty, mental vivacity, and literary vigour must have made her mark without the helpful accident of a marital connection with the historic house of Marlborough. None save a lady of very exceptional gifts could have written so memorable and discerning a book as "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill,"* if none save a lady with the peculiar social advantages of their authoress could have had opportunities of meeting so intimately the wide range of acquaintances whose sayings and doings are reproduced for us with an admirable art in this interesting volume.

"Having been favoured by Providence with delightful and absorbing experiences," says Lady Randolph, "having travelled all over the world, and met many of the most distinguished people of my generation, why should I not record all that I can about them, and about the stirring things I have seen, or shared in doing? I have done so." And again she says: "Personally I feel my acquaintance can never be too large. When I reflect that there are thousands of delightful and interesting people one may be missing, no opportunity ought to be lost of cultivating as many as possible." There speaks the eager American girl, the Miss Jerome of Brooklyn; and not the least of the many charming characteristics of Lady Randolph is this, that she has never ceased to be that same American girl, full of buoyant energy and bubbling curiosity. To some old-fashioned English people, many of her stories will seem a trifle daring—especially those of them that concern well-known people, Royal personages among them, who are still living; to the American public they will appeal as the fresh, natural outpourings of a breezy compatriot, keenly alive to the weaknesses as well as the virtues of the men and women she has met in the course of a singularly full and varied career.

Knowing that Lady Randolph was the friend in greater or less degree of several eminent literary men and women, English and foreign, the reader of her "Reminiscences" may be inclined to wonder during the first two hundred pages or so why she has nothing to say about them. In her earlier chapters we have scores of excellent little pen-portraits of kings and other rulers of the earth, leading politicians and quaint or important social figures; but of the writers of books—of men who are authors primarily and politicians only in a secondary sense—we have nothing until the volume already slopes downwards to its end. Then suddenly we come upon, first, Paul Bourget, then Wilde, and later, Marion Crawford, and after another interval, John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Clifford, Bernard Shaw, and John Morley, all grouped about the story of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. The giants of twenty-year-old politics—that "sorry game" whose attributes, as Lady Randolph laments, are too often "callousness and ingratitude, tricks and treachery," in which her late husband found neither wealth nor satisfaction—must excuse us if we regard their personalities and their peccadilloes as less engrossing than the sidelights

From a drawing by John Sargent, R.A.

Lady Randolph Churchill.
From "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill." (Edward Arnold.)

* "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill." By Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. With Illustrations. 15s. net. (Arnold.)

cast by the "Reminiscences" on the contemporary makers of books as they appeared to our talented authoress. For a while after Lord Randolph died his widow could not think what to do with herself. She globe-trotted and she went into society; but she found these pastimes somewhat "empty." Dining one night with the Portlands at Welbeck, she sat next to Lord Curzon; and to him she confided her want of engrossing occupation. All he could see before her was, he said, "a long vista of country-house parties, dinners and balls." The prospect did not please her; she sat down and cogitated deeply, and, finally, she decided to start the *Anglo-Saxon Review*:

"My ideas were of the vaguest," she says, "but they soon shaped themselves. I consulted my friend, Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), whose acquaintance I had made some years previously at the Curzons'. At her house I met various people who helped me with their good counsels, notably Mr. Sidney Low, who became much interested in the scheme and assisted me greatly, editing and bringing out two numbers during my subsequent absence in South Africa. Mr. John Lane, who published the first numbers of the *Review*, was full of ideas, and originated that of having a new cover for each issue. Mr. Cyril Davenport, of the British Museum, joined the staff and helped in the selection of the bindings, which were to be facsimiles of celebrated books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. They were mostly chosen from examples in the British Museum. He also contributed a short article descriptive of each cover. These essays were admirably carried out, and form a liberal education in book-binding. Mr. Lionel Cust, of the National Portrait Gallery, undertook to supervise the illustrations, which were reproduced as photogravures, and was indefatigable in finding original and interesting subjects. The late Mr. Arthur Strong, librarian of the House of Lords and at Chatsworth, was responsible for the historical matter."

Everybody who knew her, of course, had advice to offer as to the best way in which success might be assured. Perhaps Lady Randolph listened to too many of these assiduous friends, or the *Anglo-Saxon Review* would have been living still. Looking back, she smiles at the conflicts of opinion:

"'Why don't you have articles in three languages?' said one. 'That would damn it at once!' said another. 'Mind you have something startling in the first number —"New Ideas on Free Love" or "Sidelights on Royal Courts!"' 'Be lofty in your ambitions; set up a poetical standard to the literary world!' 'Why not get a poem from the Poet Laureate?' 'Or an essay on Bimetallism from Mr. Henry Chaplin?' 'Aim at a glorified *Yellow Book*—that's the thing!' How amusing it all was."

How amusing it all remains; and not the least amusing of its features is the artlessly artful conjunction of the various suggestions as now written by Lady Randolph. John Morley and James Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century* gave Lady Randolph "valuable information" as to the financial side of her venture; it was set a-sail at a smart luncheon, and it created a sensation at a dinner given by the Asquiths the same evening, when all the famous guests wrote their signatures on the fly-leaf of a copy which Lady Randolph treasures now more than much fine gold. Lord Rosebery was attacked in an article which got itself by mishap into the *Review* whilst the editress was on holiday. He said he had not seen the article and thought it "very unlikely" he would ever see it, when Lady Randolph wrote to him apologetically; and he prophesied that "the cloven hoof of politics" would do the *Review* no good. Presumably it did not.

But the *Review* drew around Lady Randolph some new friends, and it seems to have drawn closer some old friends. Pearl Craigie was among the latter:

"A brilliant and clever conversationalist, she could hold her own with all manner of men, and yet in the more

From a picture by Turner. **Blenheim.**

From "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill." (Edward Arnold.)

frivolous company, which she often frequented and thoroughly enjoyed, she never talked over people's heads. She had the art of drawing every one out and making them appear at their best. So different to some clever women writers I have met! I recall a luncheon-party being wrecked owing to the presence of a well-known authoress who persistently directed the conversation on to her own subjects, which were as erudite and pedantic as they were uncongenial to the rest of the company. I always made it a point to go to Mrs. Craigie's plays, and we had many discussions about them."

Lady Randolph publishes several bright letters from Mrs. Craigie, arising out of a debate between the two on the subject of "A Repentance." In one of these letters the dramatist says:

"My object was not to display inhuman excellence but a psychological diagram of the Carlist question. Perhaps this is too daring an experiment for the stage. All the same, the experiment was worth trying. Browning, in his dramatic romances, always made a soul's crisis (lasting but a few moments) the test of a life. I thought this might be done on the stage. . . . You are quite right—*too* right, my dear — about the squalid side of literary life. Sometimes I get so sick of it that I long to retire to some lonely hill-top and meditate on the Four Last Things. But, after all, we cannot make terms with existence; we must cultivate our garden and a sense of humour; and for the rest, God Almighty and the Devil can deal with that."

The Three Misses Jerome.
From "The Reminisences of Lady Randolph Churchill." (Edward Arnold.)

Mrs. Craigie's plays were not commercially so successful as her novels; as a rule the better class of dramatic critic was kinder to them than the public, but apparently in the case of "A Repentance" the Press was unusually severe. Lady Randolph wrote to the dramatist in protest against the tone of some of the newspaper criticisms; and Mrs. Craigie replied with a note that would have created something of a stir had it been published in her lifetime. She said:

"Alexander is the one manager in London who will try experiments, and he always responds to good art, good music, and the like. Remember what the English stage is—the dramatic critics are not all educated men like William Archer and Walkley, the public are patient, the actors mostly amateurs. . . . Poor Stephen Phillips! it is hard indeed for him to have his magnificent tragedy published before it is acted. What an outrage it would be if these uneducated pressmen had the first fling at work of such quality. . . .

"As for criticism, if one gives work to the general public, one has to accept the fate of an Aunt Sally, so far as the journalists are in question. These detest every educated influence, particularly on platforms and the stage. They fear the brightening of the average intelligence—for in the imbecility of the mob (well dressed and otherwise) is the hack journalist's strength. But the times are changing rapidly. The mob—as a mob—is becoming well-read, even philosophical, the Press in England has less power, and the country more power every day. Mistakes are certainly made in the House of Commons (where the average intelligence is not startling) because it is assumed that electors and others are mentally afflicted. I see much of the labouring classes and the Nonconformist classes; the individuality and independence of each unit in these forces is extraordinary. I hold that nothing (either in the good sense or high art) is really beyond them. Where they do not wholly comprehend they are slow in forming judgments. They reject nothing hastily. The discipline of their daily lives is the best of educations; and where the so-called lower classes of England are concerned I am full of hope. Our trouble lies with the sham-educated—the Bounderbys and lampooners, or the Press—the 'better vulgar' in middle-class life. . . . There's a jaw for poor Jennie with a big Quarterly in tow."

Mrs. Craigie was a musician of parts; and Lady Randolph and she "sometimes played together at concerts," and on one occasion with Mlle. Janotha they gave Bach's Concerto in D minor for three pianos at Queen's Hall. "This," says Lady Randolph, "was the only time I ever remember enjoying playing in public." It was through her instrumentality that a medallion in honour of Pearl Craigie was placed in University College, where the novelist studied, and an annual scholarship will help to keep her memory green.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford sent her play, "The Likeness of the Night," to Lady Randolph, and it was published before production in the pages of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Shortly afterwards Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy, "A Debt of Honour," was staged; and its similarity to the Clifford play led to a heated disputation in the Press. Mrs. Clifford wrote that her play had appeared in the *Review*—"for all who run and pay a guinea to read." Mr. Grundy retorted that he did not run, he did not pay a guinea, nor had met any one yet who had done so. Whereupon Lady Randolph genially sent him a presentation copy!

Once upon a time, Lady Randolph lent John Morley a copy of Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème," which he promised to take in such small doses as she prescribed, unless he found it too attractive to lay down. He kept the book so long that she had to ask him about it; and her inquiry drew from the statesman-litterateur a charming note:

"It cuts me to the heart," he said, "that I should have given you cause to suspect me of being a book-stealer. I

have suffered too much from that evil tribe. . . . The truth is that I knew you were away from home and so I kept it. I am shocked to find the dilapidated condition of the poor lady. I think, however, she was rather ragged when she reached me. I had half a mind to send her to be bound, but I thought you might have fancies of your own about bindings, as I have. . . . It has amused me very much indeed, and I am most grateful to you. I am devoted to French literature, but the modern French novel is rather too horrid for me, who was reared on George Sand."

Bernard Shaw was invited by Lady Randolph to a luncheon party and replied by wire: "Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?" Lady Randolph's rejoinder, telegraphed also, ran: "Know nothing of your habits: hope they are not as bad as your manners." Whereupon Mr. Shaw wrote a long and diverting letter of explanation, appealing to Lady Randolph to "be reasonable," because he could not eat "the unfortunate dead animals and things" she must provide for her other guests, and he did not like to dress carefully and behave properly, and he had work to do. "If you propose anything pleasant to me, I shall reply with equal flatness: 'I will,'" he added; and he concluded:

"I won't lunch with you; I won't dine with you; I won't call on you; I won't take the smallest part in your social routine. . . . Only, if I can be of any real service at any time, that is what I exist for; so you may command me. To which you will no doubt reply: 'Thank you for nothing; you would say the same to anybody.' So I would, but it is a great concession to write at such length to a lady who has bludgeoned me with an invitation to lunch. So there!"

Paul Bourget, in one of his letters to Lady Randolph, quoted Tourgenieff as saying the last word that could be said about it, when he declared: "La vie est une affaire brutale." It may be so; but it is also a very absorbing affair for some people, and it must have been so for Lady Randolph Churchill. In her book we find first-hand stories of our late Queen and our present King and Queen, of the German Royal family, of the murdered Empress of Austria, of the Shah of Persia, of ex-King Milan, of Rhodes, Boulanger, the Bismarcks, Mrs. Langtry, Colonel North, Sam Lewis (the moneylender, who said after a visit to Italy: "You can 'ave Rome!"), of Dizzy—"looking like a black sphinx"—of Gladstone, and of practically all the other significant names in modern politics and society. Few volumes of "Reminiscences" are so crammed with strange but true tales; fewer still have been written with so piquant an audacity.

THE LATEST FOREIGN CRITICISM OF MILTON.

By Jane T. Stoddart.

THE approaching tercentenary of Milton's birth has attracted the interest of foreign critics, and since 1903 there have been some notable additions to the large Continental literature on this subject. There are three recent books, especially, which deserve the attention of English readers.

"GIOVANNI MILTON E L'ITALIA."*

It need hardly be said that our great poet has always had a numerous circle of admirers in Italy. The Italians are proud of the fact that John Milton paid a long visit to their country, lived in their greatest cities—Florence, Rome, and Venice—made many friends in Italy, and appreciated their language and literature. Germans are sometimes disposed to claim Shakespeare as a German poet, and Italian critics, with better excuse, discover that Milton drew all his loftiest inspirations from Italian sources. Leonora Baroni, whose singing Milton heard at a concert in the Barberini palace, and to whom he addressed three Latin epigrams, becomes, in the view of an Italian enthusiast, "una figura ideale di donna," comparable to Dante's Beatrice; who shook the poet's soul with passion and became the goddess of his fancy. Leonora is pictured as a visionary queen who stooped over Milton in his darkness and "taught him the sweet songs of Paradise."

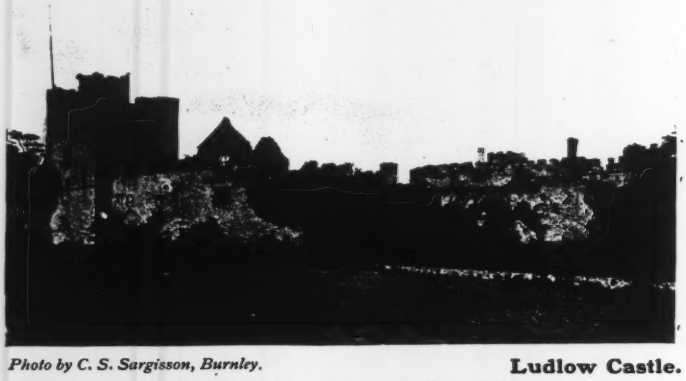


Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley. **Ludlow Castle.**
Associated with the first performance of Milton's "Comus."

There is much that is dreamy and sentimental in recent Italian writing on Milton, but there is one work

* "Giovanni Milton e l'Italia." By Ettore Allodoli. (1907.)

From an engraving after the painting by Faithorne. **John Milton.**

of real learning and value which will interest all who have attempted to follow him in his Italian journey. This is the book published last year by Signor Ettore Allodoli under the title "Giovanni Milton e l'Italia."

The writer reminds us that Milton's literary activity developed after the fertile Elizabethan period, during which Italy exercised her most important influence on English thought.

"In the first half of the seventeenth century other currents of ideas, other forms of art, reached England from France and Spain. Though it is easy to recognise in these French and Spanish influences the traces of that Italianism which from the Renaissance onwards had pervaded all civilised Europe, we may say, speaking generally, that the death of Elizabeth (1603) marked the close of the period of eager and rapid direct assimilation from Italian thought and literary forms."

The Italian scholar points out that the great English poets of earlier days, such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, regarded Italy quite differently from the modern romantic poets, such as Byron, Shelley, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, and Swinburne:

"The heart of these romantic poets beats in unison with that of the Italians; for them Italy is a great and noble nation, blessed by nature, worthy of rising yet again to the loftiest destinies. Byron, Browning, Swinburne, Landor, loved Italy, but they also loved the Italians. They did not think of the country as distinct from its inhabitants. The aspiration of the Italians towards freedom and independence became the aspiration of these English poets, who rejoiced in the victories of Italy and mourned over her defeats. The joys of the Italians were their joys; their griefs were felt as personal sorrows; and it is known that the premature death of Count Cavour shortened the life of Elizabeth Browning."

To the earlier English poets, on the contrary, Italy seemed a vast museum, marvellous in its monuments, profoundly interesting in its relics of antiquity. The inhabitants were "denounced as hypocrites, sensualists, jealous and violent men."

Signor Allodoli thinks that although Italian influence is strongly marked in the works of Milton, it was a purely external influence. Milton remained profoundly English, and, like Shakespeare, had "una tempra magnifica d'ingegno barbarico."

The plan of Signor Allodoli's work may be briefly outlined. He begins with a chapter on "Italian Elements in the Youthful Writings of Milton." Next, he proceeds to narrate in detail all the facts that can be learned about the Italian journey. He repeats that story—beloved by Italian students of Milton—of the poet's inspiration in his Cambridge days. While wandering in the country, Milton grew tired and went to sleep under a tree. Two Italian ladies, passing by in a carriage, were amazed to note the beauty of the slumbering youth. The lovelier of the two got out and placed in Milton's hand a piece of paper, on which were written two verses of Tasso. Scarcely had the ladies disappeared when other undergraduates, who had watched the scene, hurried up, awoke Milton and told him what had happened. From that time onwards he felt the strongest desire to visit Italy and to find, if possible, the fair unknown.

Signor Allodoli adds: "The true reason for the journey was not any motive of this kind, but the humanistic education which young Milton had received." He admits that the legend is entirely without foundation.

A point which interests critics like Allodoli and Alfredo Reumont is whether Milton met Galileo on his first visit to Florence in the autumn of 1638, or on his second visit in the spring of 1639. Alfredo

Photo by C. S. Sargisson, Burnley. **The Council Chamber, Ludlow Castle.**

The room in which Milton's "Comus" was first performed.

Photo by A. A. Temple. **Milton's House, Chalfont St. Giles.**

Reumont thought that the visit to Galileo must have taken place on the earlier occasion, because Milton made himself suspected at Rome on account of his religion. His boldness not only infuriated the English Jesuits, but caused others to withhold civilities. Galileo was closely watched by the ecclesiastical authorities; Milton, in 1639, seems to have been a marked man also, and it would probably have been difficult for him to obtain an introduction to the astronomer on his return to Florence. The question of the date of the visit is not of great importance, and we must remember that the surveillance of the Inquisition over Galileo did not prevent other non-Catholic strangers from obtaining access to him. German merchants brought him a gold chain, and were allowed to give him a letter.*

The remaining part of Signor Allodoli's work deals with such questions as "The Supposed Italian Sources of Milton," "The Sonnets," "Samson Agonistes" (which is held to be full of traces of Italian influence), "Milton and Italian Music," etc. The most instructive sections are those entitled "Milton and Italian Criticism," and "Italian Translations of 'Paradise Lost' and the smaller works."

The writing of the book has evidently been a labour of love, and it will take a permanent place in the Milton literature.

A GERMAN VIEW OF MILTON.

Among the most recent German writing on Milton, we may call attention to the work of Dr. Wilhelm Schmidt of Breslau, which, like that of Signor Allodoli, was published last year. It is entitled "Der Kampf um den Sinn des Lebens," and deals with the varying lessons we may learn as to the true meaning of life from six great writers — Dante, Milton, Voltaire, Rousseau, Carlyle, and Ibsen.*

Professor Schmidt compares Milton, in his attitude towards life, with the Chorus of the ancient drama:

"He does not, indeed, look on in passionless calm, like the ancient Chorus, but sometimes in righteous wrath, again in wailing sorrow, and again in flaming enthusiasm. Nor was he without a personal share in the action and a personal influence upon it. Still he does accompany, as the Chorus did, the conflicts which surrounded him in his own time; and pronounces upon them a judgment which rises to the heights of wisdom, is concerned with man as man, and turns our minds beyond the present to the true meaning of life."

Professor Schmidt dwells on the high moral value of Milton's writings, and especially of "Paradise Lost."

* "Der Kampf um den Sinn des Lebens von Dante bis Ibsen." Von Dr. Wilhelm Schmidt. 2 vols. (1907.)

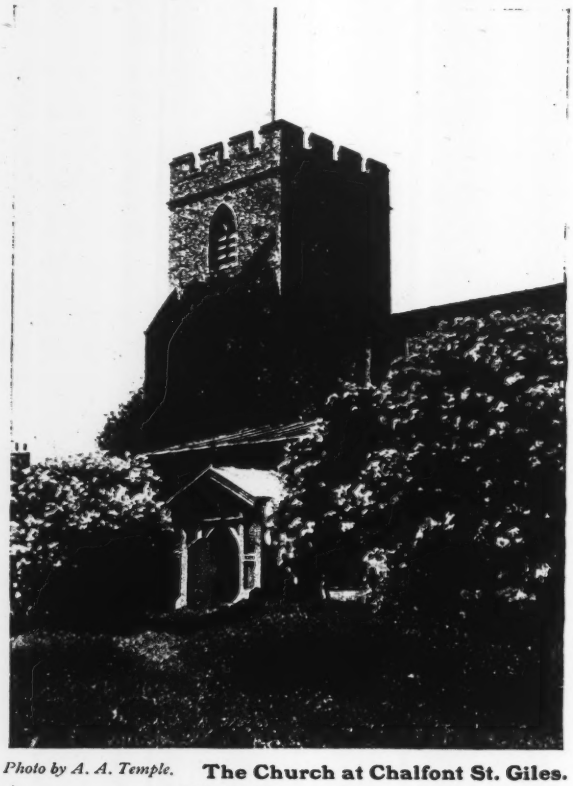


Photo by A. A. Temple. **The Church at Chalfont St. Giles.**
With lilac bushes in flower.

* Italian scholars have added comparatively little to our knowledge of Milton's stay in Italy. For the facts, they fall back on Milton's own statements, and on his great biographer, "il Masson."

He believes that in all countries where the great epic is read it will stir the human heart and awaken sympathy for a world of spiritual thought which is not far from any one of us, and from whose influence no soul can withdraw itself.

"It lives to-day and will go on living—an immortal masterpiece—as long as the human soul keeps alive that most human of all things in humanity—the inextinguishable striving after moral ideals and after the ennobling of personal character."

Dr. Schmidt adds:

"Dante, the exile, teaches us that our true Fatherland is the home in God. Milton, the Republican, after his many disappointments, tells us that man's Paradise lies in his innocence; in his willing what God wills. From each poet we receive the same answer; there is no true well-being for man except the Eden within his soul, which is peace with God."

MILTON IN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

We have space for only the briefest mention of a very useful little volume, with an excellent bibliography, entitled "Milton dans la Littérature française" (1904). The author, Dr. John Martin Telleen, is a graduate of Yale who took his doctor's degree four years ago in Paris, and published through Messrs. Hachette this "Thèse de Doctorat." He traces the entire course of Milton criticism in France during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The most instructive chapters are those dealing with Voltaire and Chateaubriand. Dr. Telleen's study of ephemeral sources has been remarkably full and varied. In his "Liste chronologique" he names, however, only six French writers—including Dupré, Texte, and Jusserand—who added anything to the Milton literature between 1894 and 1901.

* "Milton dans la Littérature française." Par John Martin Telleen. (Hachette, 1904.)

CHRISTMAS IN FAIRYLAND.

EVERY schoolboy knows who discovered America, but no one can tell us the name of the man who first set foot in Fairyland. Who he was, in what lucky dream, by what happy, moonlit paths he found his way there; with what eager wonder he was listened to when he came back, with the first of fairy-tales, to the workaday earth from which he had wandered—there is no record of these things, and never will be now. The learned who have gone laboriously dredging after facts and probabilities say that our earliest knowledge of the realm of Faery came to us from India and Persia; they have succeeded in tracing the genealogy of Puck and Oberon and Titania, can trace the development of fay gnome, elf, ghoul, brownie, goblin, jinn, and geni back to obscure German, Arabian, Scandinavian, Icelandic, Chaldean origins; but when you inquire for the beneficent pioneer who was the first that ever burst into that dazzling sphere of wizardry where the little people dwell, they can give you no information, nor even so much as a plausible conjecture about him. Columbus is celebrated in song and story, in marble and bronze, but the discoverer of this other new world, that is worth infinitely more to us than all the wealth of the Americas, sleeps unhonoured and unsung, because he is unknown.

Aladdin.

From "Blossoms from Old Trees." (Dean.)

Depend upon it, anyhow, he was some careless, wandering vagrant of no importance, and without a penny in his pocket, who thus bequeathed to us "a royal jointure all in Fairyland," and made us so rich for life; some man with the heart of a child who had never so dimmed his eyes with work that he could see nothing but his wages; some boy, who, like Peter Pan, never grew up. As for the way to that world—you can get to it by all roads, for it is everywhere, and, nowadays, there is no difficulty in getting to it either. You simply pay your money and book your passage and go there, when you will, more easily than you can go as one of a Cook's tourist party to Egypt, or India, or the uttermost end of the earth, and quicker and more cheaply than you can travel, say, from London to Brighton. You may go by any of the famous routes our fathers and grandfathers, mothers and grandmothers, went when they were children: open some book of popular nursery tales, and, unless you have been foolish enough to grow altogether old, you may drop the burdens of this life on the frontier, and be absorbed at once into that magic, unfading country where the Babes are lost in the Wood, where Jack is never done with climbing

the Beanstalk, or slaying the Giants;[1] in which the Prince is for ever arriving and waking the Sleeping Beauty with a kiss.[1] Or you may prefer Arabian Nights and the enthralling marvels of Bagdad, and "Blossoms from Old Trees"[2] gives you two of the most famous of these tales and adds to them the romances of "Cinderella" and "Little Red Riding Hood"; Swift will take you still to Lilliput,[3] the Brothers Grimm[4] to the region of magic and mystery, the haunt of gnome and goblin and witch and wizard that none has explored more thoroughly than they. (If you are a small child learning French, here is Grimm in that language[5] to make learning a pleasure, and here, in the same language,[6] the kindly Hans Andersen will conduct you to his isle of gentler fays and more lovable spirits.) Our own Lewis Carroll[7] will lead you with Alice again through his Wonderland of quaint fantasy and undying laughter; or you may go with newer guides to fresh woods and pastures new, for the world of Faery, like every other world, has many different countries in it, but all of them are enchanted; it has its North and South Poles too, and its glamorous undiscovered tracts that will give scope to adventurers and explorers till the end of time.

And every year comes Christmas with the old books in his arms; and not the old ones only: every year he brings new ones also, some of them as good as the old. It was a memorable year—over a decade past—when Kipling discovered the Jungle Fairyland and gave us those tales of Toomai and his Elephants and the Black Snake, Kala Nag; of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, the mongoose, and Darzee, the tailor-bird, and Chuchundra, the musk-rat; and, above all, the tremendous story of Mowgli, and the Lone Wolf, and Shere Khan the Tiger, and all the rest of the Jungle People; and this year Christmas brings yet another new edition[8] of what is surely one of the most vivid and fascinating fairy-books that was ever printed. Here, too, in that Christmas pack, are new editions of Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring"[9] with his own quaint illustrations;

[1] "Yarns for Youngsters." Illustrated. 1s. (Dean.)—"My Own Nursery Story Book." Illustrated. Cloth, 2s. Boards, 1s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "Blossoms from Old Trees." 1s. (Dean.)

[3] "Gulliver's Travels." Swift's Works. Vols. V. and VI. 2s. net. (Greening.)

[4] "Grimm's Fairy Tales." With 12 Coloured Plates and many other Illustrations by J. R. Monsell. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

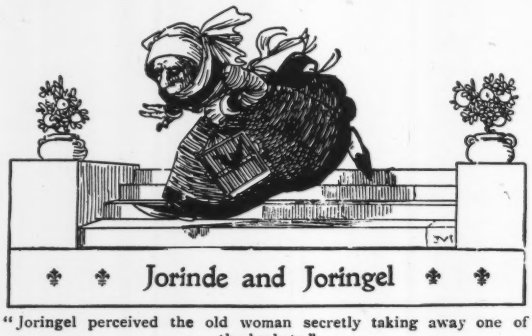
[5] "Contes de Grimm." Par Kathleen Fitzgerald. Illustrés par Gilbert James. (Londres: Siegle, Hill et Cie.)

[6] "Contes d'Andersen." Par Kathleen Fitzgerald. Illustrés par Gilbert James. (Londres: Siegle, Hill et Cie.)

[7] "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Lewis Carroll. With 8 Coloured and 42 other Illustrations by W. H. Walker. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Lewis Carroll. With 8 Coloured Plates and 112 other Illustrations by Charles Robinson. 5s. (Cassell.)

[8] "The Jungle Book." By Rudyard Kipling. With Illustrations in Colour by Maurice and Edward Detmold. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)]

[9] "The Rose and the Ring." By M. A. Titmarsh. Illustrated. 1s. net. (Macmillan.)



Jorinde and Joringel

"Joringel perceived the old woman secretly taking away one of the baskets."

From "Grimm's Fairy Tales." (Cassell.)

and of those richest and greatest of fairy-tales, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"[1] and "The Tempest,"[2] for, of course, the play that gives us Ariel, the magic island and the attendant spirits of Prospero has its scenes in Fairyland. The colour pictures in these last and in "The Jungle Book" are things of sheer beauty and delight, catching the very spirit and atmosphere of the tales they illustrate.

But it will save time and the need of tedious repetition to say once for all that all these fairy books are illustrated, in colour or in black and white, and, in their widely different styles, admirably illustrated too. You have the bleakness and mists and barrenness of Northern airs and scenery in the sixteen pictures by various artists that illustrate the stories from the Eddas and Sagas "Told by the Northmen," and retold here by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton—grim, grey, vigorous stories of giants and gods and dwarfs, that have none of the colour and ornate splendour of the Arabian Nights,

[1] "A Midsummer Night's Dream." With Illustrations in Colour by Arthur Rackham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

[2] "The Tempest." With Illustrations in Colour by Edmund Dulac. Edition de luxe, 42s. net; popular edition, 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Tempest." With illustrations in Colour by Paul Woodroffe. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

[3] "Told by the Northmen." Retold by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

"A dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion."

From "Alice in Wonderland." (Cassell.)

but yet have a pathos and grotesquerie, an interest and abiding charm of their own; and all the grace and daintiness and airy gaiety that belong to the sunnier side of Fairyland dances and flutters and laughs in the illustrations to "The Fairies' Fountain,"[1] to "Legends from Fairyland,"[2] and to "The Snow King,"[3] as perfectly as in the stories themselves.

Mrs. Bourhill and Mrs. Drake have been exploring and discovered a new tract of Fairyland in the Dark Continent. Their "Fairy Tales from South Africa"[4] are the real fairy stories that are told by Swazi and Zulu and Kafir mothers and fathers to the little black children of their tribes. They are real in the sense that they are traditional, have been handed down from generation to generation and are still treasured and told in the native villages. "The Kafirs are afraid white people would laugh at them, and so they will only begin if they are quite sure you are really interested. Even then, they never like to tell the tales by daylight, for they say that if they do so a wicked spirit will cause a horn to grow in the middle of their forehead, and they will become as ugly as an Imbula"—otherwise, an ogre. Monsters and elves and ogres, talking birds and animals, all manner of startling and miraculous happenings go to the making of these stories, as they do to the making of ours, and they are narrated with an imaginative simplicity and directness that grip and hold your attention as they must have held that of many a wide-eyed, dusky audience of picaninnies by the fire at the door of the kraal.

This primitive simplicity and directness of narration are half the charm of the seven quaint, picturesque tales in "The Russian Fairy Book,"[1] and the illustrations in colour curiously and attractively reflect these same qualities. They are essentially the tales of a people who have not yet been sophisticated by civilisation. They are related in just the right tone of child-like belief and matter-of-fact, unselfconscious seriousness; nothing could be more winning nor more satisfying. You go to a very different, a daintier, prettier part of Fairyland when you come to make acquaintance with Mrs. Molesworth's "Fairies—of Sorts."[2] There are winged and lovely fairies here of the usual kind, and at least one odd and very unusual little sprite, a funny, brown-faced, twinkling-eyed little man who lives in the amazing, old-fashioned clock that groans and growls and ticks excitedly when Rosamond and Louis are idle or quarrel together, and who makes his appearance when the clock stops. A fresh and excellent fantasy this of "The Groaning Clock," and the three stories that follow it deserve their places in the same volume, which is very high praise to give them.

"The Little Maid who Danced to Every Mood"[3]—who, saying "I never, never can stop dancing as long as I live," dances away from the Prince who wants to marry her, and dances happily across the sea, like a summer breeze, and escapes into perfect freedom—is exactly the sort of book that younger children love to read. So, too, is "The Apple Pie,"[4] with the odd figure of the old Grannie seated on the title-page ready to tell her tales to the pretty group of charmingly

"The young Asa knelt before Hela and besought her that Balder might ride home with him."
From "Told by the Northmen." (Harrap.)

[1] "The Fairies' Fountain, and Other Stories." By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. With Illustrations by Charles Robinson. 5s. (Fairbairns.)

[2] "Legends from Fairyland." By Holme Lee. With Illustrations by Reginald L. and Horace J. Knowles. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

[3] "The Snow King." By Nella. With Illustrations by Reginald Rivington. 1s. net. (Sealey Clark.)

[4] "Fairy Tales from South Africa." Collected from original native sources and arranged by Mrs. E. J. Bourhill and Mrs. J. B. Drake. With Illustrations by W. Herbert Holloway. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

[1] "The Russian Fairy Book." Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. With Illustrations in Colour. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

[2] "Fairies—of Sorts." By Mrs. Molesworth. With Illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

[3] "The Little Maid who Danced to Every Mood." By Helena Nyblom. Illustrated by Agnes Stringer and D. Andrewes. 2s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

[4] "The Apple Pie, and Other Stories." Retold by Amy Steedman. With Pictures in Colour by Evelyn Beale. 2s. net. T. C & E. C. Jack.)

"'Voulez-vous avoir la bonté de vous asseoir dans le dé de votre mère,' dit la petite souris, 'et j'aurai l'honneur de vous traîner.'"
From "Contes d'Andersen." (Siegle, Hill et Cie.)

old-fashioned little children who are gathering round her. This is not a fairy-tale; it is, you know, of the two children who stole the apples out of the pie and were afterwards sorry for it and wanted to be punished; but the second tale in the same volume—that about the Little Old Woman who Lived in a Vinegar Bottle—is as queer and entertaining a fairy-tale as any one could desire.

It was a breeze blowing towards the land of Faery that got into the sails of the boat that was really a lovely shell and blew Buffs and Boy[1] over the sea to the Isles of Innocence, where they were ridiculed by the rude three-legged men directly they landed, and afterwards went through some uncommonly surprising, irresponsibly merry adventures. And it is the same enchanting land, where everything is possible and all things always end happily, that opens before you in "The Magic Wand"[2] when Harry, who is late for school, picks up a stick, smites a thistle with it and irritably wishes the school were "at Jericho," and forthwith sees that building with everybody in it vanish from before his eyes. He does whatever he likes by means of the wand, and some things by accident that he does not like, but he confesses at the end that he has had "a ripping time altogether," and the reader will not hesitate to admit that what with the tale itself and Rountree's delightfully humorous colour pictures he has had one too.

William Henry also has a ripping time on the Wonderful Isles,[3] but he does not always know it; he was frightened out of his wits, for instance, when he had been wrecked on one of the isles and the countless swarm of white rabbits came sweeping down on him; and again, when an enormous arm shot up, and dashed their air-ship to the ground, and William Henry and Sylvia found themselves dropped into a large net by a big black giant. Such things as these are alarming things to have happen to you, but they make capital reading. Norcan you say less of "The Princess and the Dragon."[1] The Princess is a doll and has a little girl called Edith to wait on her, and it is after the Dragon has made off with the Princess that things begin to occur, for Edith hurries to get assistance and goes in pursuit of her mistress, and if you glance at Hassall's picture of the knight getting ready, or of the knight setting out, with Edith holding his hand and a small page following with his huge helmet, you will guess that this book must be full of the pleasantest laughter, and you will have guessed quite right.

"Adventures in a Noah's Ark"[2] is not perhaps strictly a fairy-tale, but the things that happen in it are the sort of things that happen only in Fairyland, for you find the wooden animals coming to life and doing all manner of diverting things and talking in merry rhymes. The "Stories from the Ballads,"[3] retold by Mary Macgregor, are the very stories to read aloud to the youngsters round the Christmas hearth, and the romance of Thomas the Rhymer and the Queen of Elfland will be asked for as often as any in the book. No less beautifully produced, and no less alluring, are the "Stories of Siegfried,"[4] who was "born a Prince and grew to be a hero with a heart of gold"—and they are told again for children with a simplicity and imaginative charm that all children will know how to appreciate.

Of course, there are some people who say they do not believe in fairies, but I confess at once that I don't know how they can do it. For if you cannot believe in the simple, well-known, old-established Fairyland that every natural child is willing to take on trust, how are you going to believe in the greater marvels of the fairy-land of science? After all, our own earth is only one of the many provinces of the land of Faery, and the facts of nature and the known universe that are gathered up into such an instructive series as Chambers's Wonder Books[5] are infinitely more wonderful and at least as interesting as are the other marvels that are told about those other and perhaps less important provinces.

[1] "Buffs and Boy." By Amy Sims. Illustrated by Reginald Rivington. 2s. 6d. (Sealey Clark.)

[2] "The Magic Wand." By S. H. Hamer. Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White by Harry Rountree. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

[3] "The Wonderful Isles." By S. H. Hamer. Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White by Harry Rountree. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

[1] "The Princess and the Dragon." By S. H. Hamer. Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White by John Hassall and T. Butler-Stoney. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

[2] "Adventures in a Noah's Ark." By A. W. B. Illustrated by C. Aubrey Moore. 1s. net. (Headley.)

[3] "Stories from the Ballads." Told to the Children by Mary Macgregor. With Pictures by Katharine Cameron. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[4] "Stories of Siegfried." Told to the Children by Mary Macgregor. With Pictures by Granville Fell. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[5] "The Atmosphere." By Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)—"Volcanoes and Earthquakes." By Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)—"Photography for Young People." By Tudor Jenks. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)—"Electricity for Young People." By Tudor Jenks. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

THE IMPOLITE DRAMATIST AND THE DRAMATISED NOVEL.

BY SYDNEY GRUNDY, LOUIS N. PARKER, W. J. LOCKE, JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY, MRS. M. E. FRANCIS, J. FORBES-ROBERTSON, MARTIN HARVEY, LENA ASHWELL, GEORGE ALEXANDER, SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM, AND W. H. KENDAL.

THERE are certain ancient grievances between the author and the actor, the playwright and the player, that would seem to be hereditary and ineradicable. You have glimpses of them in Sheridan's "Critic," where, you remember, Puff the dramatist expresses perfect confidence in the intelligence of the actors until occasion arises for the exercise of his faith. Just before the rehearsal of his tragedy commences, the Under Prompter announces that they are ready to begin, but the author will notice that the first scene is very short, as "all the performers have profited by the kind permission you granted them."

"PUFF. Hey! What?

"UNDER PROMPTER. You know, sir, you gave them leave to cut out or omit whatever they found heavy or unnecessary to the plot, and I must own they have taken very liberal advantage of your indulgence.

"PUFF. Well, well.—They are in general very good judges, and I know I am luxuriant.—Now, Mr. Hopkins, as soon as you please."

But directly an omission from his dialogue is apparent he breaks in upon the performers excitedly:

"PUFF. Heyday! here's a cut!—What! Are all the mutual protestations out?

"TILBURINA. Now, pray, sir, don't interrupt us just here: you ruin our feelings.

"PUFF. Your feelings!—But, zounds, my feelings, ma'am!"

And a little later, missing an entire scene, he anxiously demands what has become of it:

"UNDER PROMPTER. Sir, the performers have cut it out.

"PUFF. What, the whole account of Queen Elizabeth?

"UNDER PROMPTER. Yes, sir.

"PUFF. And the description of her horse and saddle?

"UNDER PROMPTER. Yes, sir.

"PUFF. So, so; this is very fine, indeed!—Mr. Hopkins, how the plague could you suffer this?

"MR. HOPKINS (within). Sir, indeed, the pruning knife—

"PUFF. The pruning knife!—zounds!—the axe! Why, here has been such a lopping and topping, I shan't have the bare trunk of my play left presently!—Very well, sir, the performers must do as they please: but, upon my soul, I'll print every word . . . Zounds! I would not have parted with the description of the horse! . . . Sir, it was one of the finest and most laboured things.—Very well, sir, let them go."

Some half-century, or more, before Sheridan's day, you find that pleasant old egotist Colley Cibber protesting, in his Apology for his Life, against the "fine gentlemen authors" who sneer that the stage is like to be finely governed "when actors pretend to be judges of authors," and who, when it proves a failure, publish their play and declare, in a preface, that it was the actors who marred its success.

You catch echoes of the same or similar old complaints in Miss Ellen Terry's delightful "Story of My Life," when she remarks on the importance, in the life of the stage, of the relation that exists between author and actor. "It is the way with some dramatists," she says, "to despise those who interpret their plays, to accuse us of ruining their creations, to suffer disappointment and rage because we do not or cannot carry out their ideas. Other dramatists admit that we players can teach them something; but I have noticed that it is generally in 'the other fellow's' play that we can teach them, not in their own."

Which is, of course, a matter of personal experience, just as another observation of Miss Terry's, to the effect that "Plays adapted from novels are generally unsatisfactory," is, more or less, a matter of opinion.

"The first person she met was the milkmaid."
From "The Fairies' Fountain." (Fairbairns.)

From "Legends from Fairy Land." (Chatto.)

Therefore, we have put both points to several leading dramatists and actors, with the following very interesting results:

SYDNEY GRUNDY

is one of those other dramatists.

(1) If "it is the way with some dramatists" to affect "to despise those who interpret their plays," I think it is only a pose; and I am glad that Miss Terry does not lend her gracious countenance to the illusion that all playwrights think their work perfect and themselves omniscient. Of course players can teach authors something. The arts of the twain overlap, and are often combined in one individual, but they are distinct. The author, however, naturally understands his own intention better than anybody else, and as a rule, the more accomplished the player, the more amenable he is to suggestions. I say, "he," because I never met the actress who was not delightful.

(2) Plays adapted from novels are generally unsatisfactory for many reasons, the chief being that the novel owes no allegiance to the "unities," which are the impracticable ideal of the play. To produce the stage equivalent of an ordinary novel, from twelve to twenty acts might be required; and even then only the longer lapses of time could be indicated.

SYDNEY GRUNDY.

LOUIS N. PARKER

runs away.

The first passage from Miss Ellen Terry's delightful book raises a question which, in my opinion, is much too wide and complicated for summary treatment in a short letter, and you must forgive me if I slip between your fingers and run away from it.

On the second point I am very nearly in complete agreement with her. The English novel does not, as a rule, make an artistic play.

LOUIS N. PARKER.

W. J. LOCKE

takes a practical view.

(1) I think that if an actor totally fails to carry out an author's idea of any particular character, it is the author's own fault. It is his business to know the *personnel* of the profession and he should not have chosen or allowed the manager to choose an obviously unsuitable interpreter. My own very pleasant experience of stage life has been that the members of the company, from star to humblest satellite, are only too anxious to realise the author's conceptions. Often a player (I use the word because it includes both sexes) sees in a part possibilities which the author has never suspected. When a new production is in rehearsal, every one, from manager, author, and star to the call boy, is in a state of tense anxiety for the success of the play, and all do their best work. But we mortals are not infallible, not even the youngest dramatist or the newest leading lady.

(2) I can only say that the success of the dramatised novel depends entirely on the dramatic qualities of the novel and the dramatic talent of the dramatiser.

W. J. LOCKE.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY

pays a tribute to the players

Speaking for myself I can only say that I have always found the relations between author and actor to be most harmonious and successful. There may be dramatists who despise their interpreters; of them I know nothing, but it is my conviction that even the most experienced dramatic author cannot but gain valuable aid from the player with whom he is associated. I can only recall with pleasure the times when I have worked with such artists as Mr. E. H. Sothern, Mr. Alexander, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Mr. Lewis Waller, and I gladly recognise the value of their sympathetic suggestions. But what applies to the leaders in their profession applies I think in no less degree to the greater part of actors, whose earnestness and intelligence are of so much service during the rehearsal of a play.

As to your second question, I think that, speaking generally, plays adapted from novels are unsatisfactory. I usually write a play and a novel upon the same theme, but the play is written first and the novel is merely built up around the existing dramatic action.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY.

MRS. M. E. FRANCIS
and the dramatised novel.

Perhaps in some respects I have been exceptionally fortunate. Such dramatic versions of my work as have appeared have for the most part been prepared by myself, and in the case of "Fiander's Widow," my collaborator, Mr. Sydney Valentine, was as anxious to adhere to the spirit of the book as I could have been.

On the other hand I cannot but admit that the dramatic version of another book of mine, now in preparation, is equally satisfactory, though I have had no share in it, and it has departed in some measure from the original. I think that authors must always learn much from artistic actors.

MARY BLUNDELL.
("M. E. FRANCIS.")

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON
emphasises the "some."

I quite agree with Miss Terry "that it is the way of *some* dramatists to despise those who interpret their plays." You will notice Miss Terry says "*some*." I have known a few brilliant exceptions. Yes, "plays adapted from novels are generally unsatisfactory." It does not follow that they may not be very popular. Many shockingly bad plays have made fortunes.

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

MARTIN HARVEY
points to "The Only Way."

My experience with authors leads me to say that the greater the author the more tolerant he is of the short-comings of his interpreters.

I had [not the honour of being] a member of Shakespeare's Company, but you will call to mind the kindly and tolerant way in which he always refers to his actors.

With regard to dramatic versions of books, I fear my experience with "The Only Way" closes my mouth for ever with regard to the unsatisfactory result of a dramatised novel!

MARTIN HARVEY.

MISS LENA ASHWELL
has no fault to find.

There may be dramatists who despise those who interpret their plays—there may even be dramatists who have had just cause to do so—personally, I have had no experience in that direction, and I leave you to decide whether that is the result of good luck or good management.

In dealing with an author, one makes a contract. If the author is difficult to deal with, why enter into a contract with him? Or if one has done so, and he insists on the terms of the contract being carried out, why grumble?

Plays adapted from novels are generally unsatisfactory, but many plays which come under this heading have been highly successful.

LENA ASHWELL.

GEORGE ALEXANDER
instances "The Prisoner of Zenda."

My association with dramatic authors has always been of the pleasantest kind. I owe them much, and have constant proofs that my work is appreciated by them.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," adapted from Anthony Hope's story by him and Edward Rose, has been one of my greatest successes.

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM
plays Brer Rabbit.

I am so sorry that I cannot assist you in the matter, I personally not having seen much difference of opinion between author and actor. It is nearly always a question of personality.

CHAS. WYNDHAM.

W. H. KENDAL
has never met that dramatist.

No experience of mine leads me to think that the "dramatist despises the actor," nor can I believe it to be true—at any rate, I have never, to my knowledge, come across him! It is to the author's interest to work in

"Both the girls were looking at him, intense earnestness in their beautiful eyes, and he felt something he had never felt before. 'There's scarcely any for you,' he murmured."
From "Fairies—of Sorts." (Macmillan.)

"There were two or three rabbits hanging on to the car behind."
From "The Wonderful Isles." (Duckworth.)

harmony with the actor, and I have never, in my long experience, found the author—with perhaps one or two solitary exceptions—difficult to deal with. On the contrary, I have found him most agreeable and amenable, and always ready to recognise and appreciate the actor's interpretation of his work, when the interpretation merited it!

With regard to whether plays adapted from novels are generally satisfactory, I cannot express an opinion, only having played in two—"East Lynne" and "The Ironmaster"—both enormously successful! And, as I write, many come to my mind, such as "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Trilby," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Little Minister," "Joe" ("Bleak House"), "The Morals of Marcus," "Idols," and a host of others I could name that have been huge successes!

W. H. KENDAL.

P.S.—This embraces Mrs. Kendal's experience as well as my own.

TWO CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

WHATEVER else in "My Story" * may be open to question, there can be no denying that it is one of the most attractive and entirely interesting of the various autobiographical volumes that this year of grace has given us. Long as it is, I have read it through at a sitting, and, having enjoyed every page of it, am in no mood to imitate some critics who are, I see, disputing the accuracy of certain of Mr. Hall Caine's views—those concerning Rossetti, for instance. He was intimate with Rossetti, and has set down quite frankly his recollections, opinions, and impressions of him, and it is not for me to object to them merely because they do not square with the recollections, opinions, and impressions of somebody else. They happen to be his; that is their value. If he had trimmed them to make them match with the records of other people, they would, of course, have been valueless.

There is one small point, however, on which I do think Mr. Hall Caine is mistaken. "Thinking it may cheer the beginner who is trudging through the dark ways of the literary life, knee-deep in disappointments, to see how stiff a struggle it was to me," he says, "I will gladly show how modest were my earnings during many of my earlier years." He goes on to confess that for some time he was earning about two hundred a year from the *Liverpool Mercury*, "eked out by perhaps a hundred more from the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*," but as this did not leave him sufficient leisure to write his first novel, he arranged to do less work for the *Mercury* and reduce his salary by one half. When that first novel was written, he received a hundred pounds for its serial use, "but when I came to publish the book, all I could get was seventy-five pounds for the copyright out-and-out." For his second book he fared "only a little better," and for his third he was paid "one hundred and fifty pounds in all."

There is nothing at all dazzling about these figures, but I fancy if any thirty successful novelists were asked if they considered such facts as representing a "stiff struggle" for a beginner, about twenty-nine of them would answer that, compared with their own experiences. Mr. Hall Caine's beginnings were rather soft and luxurious.

But, as Mr. Hall Caine premises, this "Story" of his is not so much an autobiographical fragment as an account of his literary relations with several authors who were already famous when he was on the threshold of his career. In the main, his personal history is limited to the first twenty-five years of his life, by the end of which time he had served in an architect's office, and done a good deal of work as a journalist; but throughout, something of his private record is necessarily woven into his reminiscences of others. Where the whole book is so alive with interest it is not easy to select particular passages for quotation, and I find I have marked so many more than I can by any possibility use, that I am going to choose two that are fairly representative, and chance to be also appropriate to the time.

Recalling his early days in the Isle of Man, Mr. Hall Caine describes the quaint, sometimes grimly harsh, customs, manners, and religious observances of the island, and here is a vivid little sketch of the celebration of Christmas there:

"What left, perhaps, the strongest impression on my mind

* "My Story." By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"The children trotted hand-in-hand down the garden path and out of the gate."
From "Buffs and Boy." (T. Sealey Clark.)

were the many proofs that the Church belonged to the people, and that there were times when they could almost go the length of turning the parson out of it. One of these was Christmas Eve, when it was the custom of the parishoners to hold a service by themselves. The service was called 'Oiel Veree' (the Eve of Mary), and consisted of the singing of 'carvels' (carols), some of them sacred, and often shockingly crude in their literary colouring, but most of them secular, and sometimes profane in both senses. I dare say the original aim of the 'Oiel Veree' was to deepen the spiritual life of the people by means of the only old poetic literature the island possessed; but in my early days it was made an excuse for scenes that were often more amusing than reverential.

"We all took candles to church, I remember, and he'd them lighted in our hands as we sat in the pews while the carol-singers, generally two abreast, walked down the central aisle, beginning at the porch, and facing the altar, and taking a step forward at the conclusion of every verse. The carols most in favour were those that gave the raciest paraphrase of incidents in the Old Testament, and one that consisted of a running commentary on all the bad women in the Bible was especially popular. By way of punctuating the points of such productions we threw dried peas and sometimes our candles at the performers, with results that were not always an honour to the parish church. Naturally the clergy were not usually favourable to the annual service as it used to be performed, and, being powerless to abolish a time-honoured custom, they made many angry protests. I remember one such protest that came like a boomerang, when it was aimed at a half-witted carvel-singer named Billy Corkill. Old Billy and I were going to Oiel Veree when he met the parson, a testy person, coming out of the church.

"'Mind you behave yourselves to-night,' said the parson, 'and don't turn my church into a bear-garden.'

"'The church is the people's, I'm thinkin',' said Billy.

"'The people are as impudent as goats,' said the parson, whereupon Billy, without turning a hair, quietly replied:

"'Aw, well, you are the shepherd, so just make sheeps of them.'"

Probably the most intensely interesting section of the book is that which comprises the twelve or thirteen chapters narrating the tale of Mr. Hall Caine's acquaintance with Rossetti. He speaks of him always sympathetically, admiringly, reverently, but always with simple and unflinching candour, picturing the sad closing weeks of his strange life realistically and with a poignant tenderness:

"Christmas Day was now nigh, and Rossetti, still confined to his room, begged me to spend that day with him. 'Otherwise,' he said, 'how sad a day it must be to me, for I cannot fairly ask any other.'

"I had been asked to dine at a more cheerful house, but reflecting that this was my first Christmas in London, and it might be Rossetti's last, I readily decided to do as he wished. We dined alone, he in his bed, I at the little table at the foot of it, on which I had first seen the wired lamp and the bottles of medicine; but later in the evening, William Rossetti, with his brotherly affection, left his children and guests at his own house, and ran down to spend an hour with the invalid. As the night went on, we could hear from time to time the ringing of the bells of the neighbouring churches, and I noticed that Rossetti was not disturbed by them, as he had been formerly.

"He talked that night brightly, with more force and incisiveness, I thought, than he had displayed for months. There was the ring of sincerity in his tone, as he said he had always had loyal and unselfish friends; and then he spoke of his brother, of Madox Brown, and perhaps particu'arly of Watts. He said a word or two of myself, and then spoke with emotion of his mother and sister, and of his sister who was dead, and how they were supported through their sore trials by religious hope and resignation. He asked if I, like Shields, was a believer; and seemed altogether in a softer and more spiritual mood than I could remember to have noticed before.

"With such talk we passed the last of Rossetti's Christmas nights."

Other chapters are devoted to Ruskin, Blackmore, Wilkie Collins, and Robert Buchanan; Mr. Hall Caine has much to say of each of these, and something too of Tennyson, T. E. Brown, Gladstone, and Irving that was worth saying, and is worth remembering.

New Books.

HENLEY THE CRITIC, AND OTHER MATTERS.*

Before sitting down to my task, may I for a moment "rise to explain"? Writing for the August BOOKMAN on Henley's Poetry while suffering from a raging calenture caused by the perusal of a certain Life of FitzGerald, I contrived to work in a venomous allusion to the book as preface to some angry remarks on biographical gossip. This on the chance of eluding the vigilance of the prudent, though to me ever too indulgent Editor; but, alas! I find

* "The Works of W. E. Henley." Vols. v., vi., vii. (D. Nutt.)

that at the last moment he—no doubt very properly—struck out the exasperated and exasperating sentence, not noticing—for the connection was obscure—the effect on a subsequent allusion to FitzGerald which now seems to refer to Henley. This explanation is the more necessary because after examining Henley's Prose Works, I can hardly regard him as, like FitzGerald, "a great man who of all others shunned notoriety."

Not that the inspired improver on Calderon, who alone with Greene has seemed at moments to catch the mantle of Shakespeare, was a great man in the strictest sense. The elements of greatness, both in mind and character, beyond all doubt were his, but his deficiencies were too many, his developments too imperfect and distorted. There is a side of the man strangely provincial, commonplace and petty—one instance is his weakness for very small jokes and feeble nicknames—which cannot wholly be referred to the hopeless ugliness of his surroundings, or the barren company he for the most part kept—both he seems to have found quite congenial—nor yet to the false portraiture of the *valet de chambre* biographists whose swans are all geese. Still, he thought for himself some great, just, and noble thoughts, he did a few great things, and many men whom all the world acclaimed as swans looked up to him with affectionate respect as a swan indeed, and among the fairest of the flock. In all this I trace no affinity with Henley, but rather a contrast. Both were indeed original and independent, both despised and defied public opinion, yet not only in character and action, but in habit of mind they were so utterly different. The one sulks; the other fights. Fights because he likes it. And because to live he must either fight hard or truckle. After all, an assured private income is a more potent factor, for good and ill, in the career of genius than heredity or education. There is a greatness which the struggle for existence brings out in a man of genius; there is a greatness which it imprisons and kills. But of neither greatness do I see in Henley any clear signs. And as to the other point, the fighter—unless he be a covert assassin—cannot "shun notoriety," even if he would.

The remaining volumes of Mr. Nutt's excellent edition of "Henley's Complete Works" have now appeared, and I wish to withdraw my complaint of the absence of bibliographical hints. They would have been very difficult to arrange in the case of the Poems, and to each volume of the Prose I find a short note is prefixed, giving the date and form of first publication of each piece. But I still think a brief record of Henley's literary career would have been acceptable. The last volume, where are republished the four Plays which Henley wrote in collaboration with the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson, need not detain us. Doubtless they have been long ago reviewed by more competent hands. They seem to have been intended for acting, and for all I know about such matters may have been presented over and over again with every success. As such they may be excellently devised—the modern English stage is to me a hopeless mystery—but so far as I have yet examined them, they aim at a rather brutal realism; the dialogue seems not always natural and is seasoned with aggressive vulgarity and copious slang, the accuracy of which is sometimes rather dubious. For all that they might or might not act well. Nothing is so delightful as to read good reading plays, one's imagination supplying the scenery, the tones and gestures of the actors. But when you have thus realised and visualised the play, to go and see it acted—oh, murder! On the other hand who reads, who can read, the popular new plays? Well, these Henley-Stevenson plays do not look inviting, but a deeper study may prove that they are not unworthy, as literature, of such authors. But even thus I should prefer to leave them to the experienced dramatic critics.

"Views and Reviews," first published in 1890, displays Henley at his best as a critic. It may be called journalism, but it is at least the higher journalism—an excellent example of one truly beneficent office of the periodical press. The value of such criticism appearing in daily or not strictly literary papers lies not so much in the pleasure and instruction which the illuminati may glean from it—for they seek their literary meat farther afield—but in its humanising influence on minds lying fallow, or pre-occupied by affairs, or degraded by sport. The man who would not dream of borrowing, much less of buying, a great book, buys his pet journal, and when he has skimmed the debates, or markets, or sporting columns, as the case may be, will sometimes go on to the literary article, to kill time, because it is part of the pennyworth or for some other reason. He gets a glimpse of great and beautiful things, his curiosity may be roused, old memories may be revived—and this may lead—lead to what, you may say, but contemptible smattering and glib conceit? Nay, sometimes, I trust, to much more; but even so, is it not all to the good? And herein seems to lie Henley's peculiar value as a teacher. His coarseness and blusterous furies, to me so distasteful, were his passports to less finicking readers. The man in the street, or rather in the railway carriage, reading Henley would at once see that the writer was no milksop or bookworm, but a good fellow of like passions with himself. And the problem rises before him—how comes it that this chap, who must have knocked about a lot and seen some life in his day, and has no mealy-mouthed nonsense about him, has bothered to cram up all this fine stuff about literature and art, and is so keen about it all, and seems to find it as good a lark as ever he had? And probably he concludes that *after all there must be something in it.* And that is all? Yes, in most cases. But that little, I think—and Henley would have thought—is gain, enormous gain to the good cause. You need not entice this animal to your twaddling Shakespeare lecture, or personally conduct him to see Dante's tomb, or even put Tennyson and Browning in his hands—far better not, for without a twenty years' training he would not understand them, but think you had hugely over-puffed them. Enough that he once understands that appreciation of the exquisite creations of the brain and hands is not a mere trade of prim cold-blooded professors, lecturers, and critics, or accomplishment for anæmic schoolgirls, but a joy and passion of manly men—even of a votary of the prize-ring like Henley. Enough that he feels, perhaps regrets his ignorance, and while not ashamed of it—as why should he be?—no longer brags of it. Henceforth his sympathies are on the right side, perhaps his vote and interest. Not only by his personality, but by his sharply defined, doggedly held, and vehemently preached opinions does Henley appeal to many whom Ste. Beuve would weary and Pater disgust. I have dwelt too long on this subject—yet after all touching but the fringe—because it seems to indicate Henley's peculiar position in criticism, and because herein lies his best defence against certain too obvious strictures.

Most of the "Views and Reviews" are short articles, sometimes pieced together, and all revised. The first volume deals with many writers English and foreign, and is a monument of Henley's wide reading and wider sympathies. Where he aims only at a general estimate of an author in such small space he is—well, general, unless he exaggerates. Far more illuminating is he where he takes up one or two points, or sides of an author or work. Sometimes too headstrong and too prejudiced, and now and then careless in his inferences, he seems to me as a rule no unsafe guide, and I have certainly learned a good deal from him about my own ignorance. For instance, his plea for Tennyson's later development has revised entirely my view, which was almost that of FitzGerald, who, I see, held that the poet should have retired before "Maud" and "The Princess." The paper on Disraeli was of a grateful savour, for his novels I have always rated very highly. The good in them pleases as much as that in Dickens and Thackeray, while the bad, which in them disgusts, in him

rather amuses. Almost all Henley says about him is excellent. Almost. For in the first place, he, like most English critics and readers, ignores "Contarini Fleming," which in Germany, and I fancy in France too, is regarded as a classic. A curious book, so far as I remember it, inspired may be by "Wilhelm Meister," and, were it possible, by the youthful adventures of Julian Young's magnificent father. And then Henley stuns me at one blow by dismissing "Henrietta Temple" as "sentimental rodomontade." And with Henley "sentimental" was always anathema. Now, oddly enough, only the other day I was trying to persuade a deeply and widely read bookman who has given up novels to try this very book, hoping to get his opinion of it. For it has always been my habit when I have formed a decided but heterodox estimate, whether for or against a standard book, to read it again after a long interval—as a pleasure and self-discipline. "Henrietta Temple" I read forty and again twenty years ago; nor it nor I had changed. The charm was still potent. Sentiment, romance rather, no doubt there was in plenty, but if artificial I was not wise enough to see through it—or perhaps not fool enough to try, and so break the spell. A book to refresh you and to humanise, where you keep only the best of company in the fairest of scenes. And more than that. The contrast of young Armine, chivalrous, noble, impetuous, undisciplined, in his ancient castle, and, in their palladian villa hard by, the retired diplomatist Mr. Temple and his daughter, so suave, dignified, reposeful, large-minded, and highly cultivated, seemed to me a personification as masterly as pleasing of the spirits of the Middle Ages and the Classical Renascence. But I will read it again.

Now Henley wrote some twenty years ago opinions probably formed long before, and he does not seem to have foreseen a possible reaction in favour of "sentimental rodomontade." In the 'seventies, when he would be discarding youthful enthusiasms, fashion was setting up new schools—the fleshly, the æsthetic, the niggling-analytical, the pedestrian-cynical of Thackeray, the higher-pessimism of George Eliot, and others. Browbeaten by Carlyle, we shammed a holy horror of shams—no doubt it did us good—and grandiloquent, high-faluting, bombastic, expansive, gushing, flamboyant, romantic, meretricious splendour, false glitter, high-flown sentiment, and such like became the deadliest arrows of the critics, whereat young authors trembled. Shocking Byron slept in the lumber-room, while inoffensive Wordsworth prosed in the parlour. Disraeli had at least the dubious support of his party, and could pretend that his books were lampooned from political spite. Poor Lytton fared worst. Henley does not even notice him, and the only adequate appreciation I have yet seen—not that he is any favourite of mine—was a singularly just and thoughtful article—I forget by what hand—in THE BOOKMAN some time ago. His eclipse was largely due to the jealousy of his two popular rivals and their followings—Dickens, no doubt his superior, and Thackeray, perhaps his equal, in original genius, but both vastly his inferiors in breeding, erudition, accomplishment, craftsmanship, and versatile talent. Long after they had sunk to drive', the world was amazed to discover that "The Parisians," the anonymous novel of the day, so fresh and vigorous, yet so finished and masterly, was from the pen of the ridiculous old veteran. Well, turning over some rubbish I lately came upon dirty old green volumes of "Zanoni" and "Eugene Aram," which I had thumbed as a small boy, enjoying the little I could understand and somehow admiring what was beyond me. Since then I had been taught to think and speak of them confidently and conceitedly with abhorrence and contempt. I at once dipped into one; I finished both. Nor have I yet shaken off their strange spell. The main conception of each is no doubt unsound and ill-judged, and what in them was but fashion is now old-fashioned, and indeed bad-fashioned. Lytton rarely even tries to create or portray original characters, yet the story and the skilful writing keep his puppets going. All along I found so much to enjoy and admire, even, strange to say, some strong touches of genuine humour, and will own without a blush that I could read, and with pleasure, the tallest and most florid of his declamations, which seemed to me to contain much of noble rhetoric and lofty and acute thought. These forbidden books, though not models for all time, did their good in their day, and may do it again. I understand now how the young men and maidens of my childhood who drank greedily of them on the sly have nevertheless turned out well. They have certainly done me good. Their "sentimental rodomontade" after long indulgence in the bourgeois pettiness of the Austenites, and the fretful quibbling of the Jamesites, and the depressing seriousness of the Eliotites, and the scientific pessimism and the bald realism and so much else—yes, Sir Edward, at last I tried your pills, and found relief. I shall be pleased to recommend them to other sufferers as a pleasant corrective and tonic.

A still worse confession. There was also the tattered old "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I would sound that lowest depth of sentimental cant. And after all the mob was right. It is a book inspired, wonderful, phenomenal. What of the authoress beyond her native shrewdness and humour there is in it is clumsy and commonplace enough. The Abolitionists I still detest, but must own that their white-hot spirit of propaganda has inspired the best scenes with vivid intensity, profound pathos, and truest humanity. In this long ramble I have been arguing against Henley as if, alas! I could yet hope to convince him that even he might find solace in the rodomontade of such books, making fair allowance for their period—as we all do for the Elizabethans and Augustans—and that their high-flown sentiment, transcendental ideals, gorgeous trappings and very detachment from real life might—perhaps may—once again cast a glamour over weary minds in mean streets.

Of the two volumes of Essays—Henley's most characteristic work—I have a sheaf of notes, mostly strictures on his tone and style. Them I sacrifice without regret, as also the many points where I question his judgment on authors, for after all, that is writing not about him but them. The Essays were mostly written as introductions to various editions. "Byron's World" simply reprints the lively notes to the first volume of Mr. Heinemann's edition of the "Letters"—which unfortunately has not been continued. One curious point must not escape. Henley ignores Fielding's "Grub Street Opera," so comical, merry, and humorous, while praising, perhaps not unduly, the brilliant but revolting "Covent Garden Tragedy." And neither he nor Mr. Dobson, nor so far as I know any one else, has noticed that exquisite scene in "The Coffee House Politician," where Politic and Dabble are reading the journals together; yet surely it comes closer to Molière than anything else achieved in English.

As a critic Henley was in some directions highly efficient. He had read widely, he took pains to form independent judgments, he had sympathy for almost all great work; in spite of his prejudice and vehemence, his strong, practical sense usually kept him straight. His views on art were original and self-formed, but are by no means those of an amateur or outsider. Excellently sane on literary technique, when he deals with its relations to life or with the aims and import of writers, his judgment is warped by his violent anti-Puritanism and loathing of Mrs. Grundy. Thus he disfigures his pages by daring attempts to raise her blushes not only by coarse remarks, but worse, by veiled hints. He overshoots his mark. Me at least he has almost persuaded to be a Puritan.

This foible, his use of slang, his excess of allusion, and his piling up of parentheses have spoilt his style. His mannerism amounts to downright affectation. In the striving after vigour, effect, and oddity he becomes not only tedious,

From a photograph taken by Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) in Dante Rossetti's garden, c. 1864.

Dante, Christina, Frances, and William Rossetti.

From "Family Letters of Christina Rossetti." (Brown, Langham.)

but sometimes absolutely obscure, even unintelligible. Henley is a safe guide on most paths, so long as you discount his two or three strong idiosyncrasies. And where he offends, he finds instant grace, as does Fielding, by reason of his manliness, his courage, earnestness, and humanity.

Y. Y.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI'S LETTERS.*

The letters included in this collection may have no particular value as literature; they are, as Mr. W. M. Rossetti indicates in the title he has given to his book, homely, private communications, for the most part brief notes on purely domestic affairs from Christina Rossetti to her brothers, to her sister-in-law, to one or two intimate friends, supplemented by a few of their replies to her. She writes occasionally to Dante Gabriel about his poems or pictures; makes elusive references to her own poetry; is ingenuously pleased when her books show signs of popularity and money accrues to her from them; but, on the whole, she has very little indeed to say concerning contemporary literature or events outside the family circle.

In one short note to Dante Gabriel you come upon a passing criticism of William Watson: "I have read 'The Prince's Quest,' and indeed the whole volume. Marked beauties it has, and yet I don't foresee a great future for its author,—not confidently. May he falsify my verdict." In another is a comment on the lecture delivered by Hall Caine, at Liverpool, on Rossetti's poems: "Thank you for letting me read Mr. Caine's lecture,—a remarkable work by an author who really thinks, feels, and therefore has something to express." More than once she expresses high admiration for the verse of Augusta Webster, which she ranks above George Eliot's; she did "not care about" "The Epic of Hades"; admired the lyrics of Katharine Tynan (now Mrs. Hinkson), and after reading the "Poems of Energy" by Morley Roberts, wrote: "I think him clever,—but what is the use of *cleverness* in matters poetic? A number of lines strike me as I go along, but at last I feel myself stranded on a not high level. Is he a Scotchman? possibly, I should think. 'Poems of Energy' they are, but of judicious energy? The goodness of his actual work gives me the idea that he could if he would work *well* in a different field"—a shrewd opinion that has long since been amply justified.

But such comments on external concerns are scrappy and rare. What gives these letters a real and abiding value is that they do indubitably and involuntarily disclose the beautiful and lovable personality of the writer. There is something in them of petty family misunderstandings; much, very much, in them of the sickness, sufferings, and death of friends and relatives, with an almost morbid dwelling upon the symptoms of illnesses and the remedies tried; much sending of inconsequent messages of affection; inquirings about household arrangements and expenses; intimate, unselfconscious, commonplace discussion of commonplace things, and yet the total effect of it all is to reveal vividly and truthfully the simple inner life of a good and great woman. You see her quickly sorry for having caused, or fancied she caused, some unpleasantness by a momentary irritation; anxious not to wound any one's susceptibilities; eager to love and be loved; loyally and lovingly devoted to each member of her family; playfully satirical now and then, as when she writes of why William Sharp's sonnet on herself did not appear in the *Athenæum*, but repenting in the next line and adding a kindly word or two to take all possible sting out of her quiet laughter; cheerful, patient, unselfish—a shy, tender, wistful, wholly gracious spirit, living so nearly always in the shadow of pain and death that it is no wonder a sense of life-weariness breathes in so much of her poetry. One other fragrant personality that grows upon your apprehension as you read these letters is that of Mrs. Rossetti, the mother of Christina; in the pages that speak of her and record her sayings and doings, as in the wonderful portrait of her by her son Dante Gabriel, a photograph of which is included in the illustrations of the book, you see her gently dignified, proud of her children, thoughtful of their well-being—an aged, lovely figure of perfect motherhood.

Mr. Rossetti has written a preface in which he summarises the chief events of his sister's life; he supplements this, in an appendix, with extracts from his own and his mother's diaries; and his gossipy explanatory notes between the letters are very serviceable and full of interest.

* "Family Letters of Christina Rossetti." Edited by William Michael Rossetti. 15s. net. (Brown, Langham.)

RELIQUES AND THE MAN.*

One who so influenced Scott as Bishop Percy did should have had his biography written long ago. There is, to be sure, the brief Life by Pickford in Hales' and Furnivall's edition of the "Reliques." That, however, does not profess to be a full-dress sketch of the man or of his work. It has been left to a lady—Miss Gaussen—to accomplish this task. She has done it with grace, and with a surprising informativeness, considering the scanty nature of the resources at her disposal and the distance of time between Percy's day and the present. The book will be welcomed specially by students of the Percy cult, but there is much that will charm and interest the ordinary reader also. And who has not been a lover of the Percy ballads at some time or other? It is not going too far to say that the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," first published in the year 1765, was a truly epoch-making book—a term often too glibly employed; not so in this instance. Perhaps more than anything else it was this work which gave to the ballad its proper perspective in literature; and it was to the "Reliques" that the revival of British Poetry, beginning with Wordsworth and Coleridge, owed its chief influence. Nor was this an influence operating on the British Muse only; the German Romantic movement itself, and the whole of the poetical literature of Europe indeed, found a fresh and vigorous stimulus and renewal through the inspiration of the Percy spirit. There can be no doubt as to the effect it had upon Scott. We have, in the Ashestiel fragment, the confession of the splendid and subtle spell which it cast over him as a boy, a spell that remained unbroken throughout life. For fifty years Scott read the "Reliques" more frequently and with more enthusiasm than any other book. But for the "Reliques" one wonders if the "Minstrelsy" had been possible! But for Thomas Percy should we have had our Walter Scott at all? There was that keenly innate love of legendary lore, and that fondness for the balladic phase of it, which must have asserted itself somehow as the years passed by. Yet one may hazard the belief that Scott's perusal of Percy's collection was the direct means of creating and fostering the resolve that came to him to do much the same thing for the floating treasures of his own countryside. Scott may well be spoken of as the literary child of the compiler of the "Reliques." The "Minstrelsy" and the "Lay," and the Waverleys themselves, may all be traced to the day-dream which captivated and haunted him in that sweetest of all dreaming-places, a nook within sound of the Tweed. It was truly a fortunate day for the story of British literature when the youth of thirteen carried home in triumph from the Kelso Library those volumes which were to contribute more than anything else to his future making!

Bishop Percy feeding his Swans.
From "Percy: Prelate and Poet." (Smith, Elder.)

But apart from Scott, Bishop Percy himself is a fascinating enough figure. He was never a burning or a shining light, to be sure, but he holds his own special place in the firmament of letters. A generous, unassuming, and humble sort of soul he seems to have been in each of his three stages as rector of the country parish of Easton Maudit, in Northamptonshire; as Dean of Carlisle; and as Bishop of the Irish See of Dromore. He moved in the best circles of the day, and lived in the very heart of that brilliant galaxy of genius for which his era was particularly noteworthy. Shenstone and Burke, Garrick and Goldsmith, he reckoned among his friends. And with Dr. Johnson, the great lion of the period, he fought—not always so successfully as he deserved. He was a member of the Club of which "Reynolds was the Romulus," but of which Johnson became by-and-by both head and shoulders. Meetings were held every Monday evening at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho; and chronicled in Boswell's pages, these have long been classical. Percy's career was comparatively uneventful. His bishopric was not all it might have been. Still, he was perhaps the most popular prelate of the Irish Church. Somewhat hasty in temper, he managed to keep the peace with his diocese, despite the numerous political and religious dissensions of the period, and at his death there was sore lamenting. The Bishop's palace on which he lavished so much good coin of the realm, and the grounds on which he set such a store of pride, were long held by a community of Jesuits after Percy's day, but are now painfully empty and desolate. It may be recalled that Percy, who was a grocer's son of Bridgnorth, was born in 1729, and died in 1811. He was not unwilling to remember that a grocer's son may be descended from an earl, and he did his best to establish his connection with the great Northumberland house of Percy.

What as to the "Reliques"? A "scrubby, shabby, paper book lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in the parlour of Humphrey Pitt of Shifnal in Shropshire," and rescued by Percy from the hands of a maid about to use it for fuel, was the real genesis of the "Reliques." It contains, in an old and cramped handwriting, about one hundred and ninety metrical compositions of various characters and degrees of incompleteness, sometimes amounting to a single verse only. The narrative of its discovery and the description of its battered, mutilated condition, corroborated as these

* "Percy: Prelate and Poet." By Alice C. C. Gaussen. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

were, failed to convince one or two of Percy's intimates, among them the infallible Johnson, though it is curious to be told that Percy had actually submitted the manuscript to Johnson for his inspection. But the fact of its authenticity has been settled once for all by the publication of the veritable folio, in three volumes, edited by J. W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall, with the assistance of Professor Child (1867–8). Miss Gaussen has apparently overlooked that good service to literature, but it is a point of extreme interest. Like all great books, the "Reliques" was a growth, and the offspring of many minds. David Garrick, for instance, contributed from his extensive collection; Warton ransacked the Oxford libraries; and Percy himself employed six amanuenses to transcribe from Samuel Pepys' collection at Cambridge. Not a few gems of the book were gathered from Scotland; others came from Wales and Ireland; and the English counties were laid under liberal contribution. As a matter of fact, not more than forty-five pieces from the original folio entered into the making of the completed work as it left the editor's hands. And even as Scott was obliged to emend and purify and interpolate considerable portions of the "Minstrelsy," so are the hand and genius of Percy discernible all through the "Reliques." The work could not have been accomplished otherwise. Comparison may be made between the raw folio copy and the most recent reprint of the 1765 edition—in "Everyman" for instance. Nor can the work be said to suffer on this dual account. For Percy, like Scott, was a true poet, with all the fire and passion of the born minstrel in his nature. Time has done kindly by the "Reliques," and some of Percy's own lyrics, notably his "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?" are still prime favourites.

It is cause for regret that the good Bishop left behind him no autobiography, and very little, indeed, on which to base an authoritative record of his career. Upon that score, Miss Gaussen must have encountered more than one obstacle. Her narrative is eminently readable and interesting, notwithstanding such difficulties; and it fills a niche which has long waited for some one to fill it. It is unlikely that any other pen will take up the theme. Than that, there could not be higher praise for the book.

W. S. CROCKETT.

LOWER LONDON.*

There are ever so many ways of writing tribal lays, and, according to Mr. Kipling, every one of them is right. What is true of tribal lays is doubtless equally true of each particular class of story, but that does not prevent our liking one way better than another.

Both "The Borderland" and "Arthur's" are concerned with the seamy side of London life; both deal with men and women of the slums, furtive creatures of the night, the broken and outcast people who live squalidly beyond the borderlands of good society; yet in essentials the two books are as unlike each other as any two books could be. Mr. Halifax's hero is John Laverock, who has for a time taken his friend Louis Valjean's place as head of a mission that is devoting itself to the regeneration of the poor sinners of Hoxton, and in telling his tale and in presenting his characters he adopts something of Laverock's manner and point of view; he walks through his sorry underworld as a sort of showman, pointing out its evils, preaching and inveighing against them; he makes the streets of Hoxton more dangerous in his pages than they are in reality; he is in the crowd there, but not of it; he is half afraid of it and sees villainous and horrible faces everywhere; his rascals are not human enough, and when Laverock falls passionately, nobly in love with "Amber Lou," a Madonna-like street girl who is something of a Magdalen with "a small tea-rose-yellow face" and turquoise eyes, you cannot help thinking of the footlights and the moving romantics of Britannia melodrama. Nevertheless, the narrative grips and interests you; it is all very well done; it is one of the many ways of doing it, and a right way, too, but whether it is the best right way is a matter of opinion.

Turning from "The Borderland" to "Arthur's" is like coming from a lecture room, where we have heard the lecturer tell us what he has seen of London low life and what he thinks of it, out into the dirty, smelly, chilly night-air of the London streets, and seeing them and the motley humanity in them for ourselves. Mr. Lyons's people are human to the bone; they are simply and vividly alive and talk and act as if they were; and he does not write as if he were exhibiting them, but as if he were one of them and loved them and gloried in them, and, understanding them, is not afraid to reveal them at their worst, and is almost as reticent and half-ashamed of what is best in them as they are themselves. He never moralises; he paints the life as it is, the men and women as they are, and tells his tale, and you may like or it not—it happens to be true, and there's an end of it. He writes with knowledge and with sympathy, and he has a rare gift of humour that enables him to reproduce the humour and idiosyncrasies of his characters and to clothe even the loathsome Dartigan Donkey in ordinary flesh and keep him still human for all his unsavouriness.

In a word, this book of Mr. Lyons's is a true and a living thing. You close it at last feeling that to-night again

After a drawing by Bouternik.

An early portrait of Madame de la Fayette.

From "Marie Madeleine, Countess de la Fayette." (Methuen.)

* "Arthur's." By A. Neil Lyons. 6s. (John Lane.)—"The Borderland." By Robert Halifax. 6s. (Constable.)

over in his usual South London thoroughfare Arthur will open his coffee-stall, and his usual customers will be lingering there on their way home or on their way to work in the small hours of the morning; and you know their faces, the style of their dress, their habits of thought, the very tones of their voices, as surely as if you had been there and stood at the stall beside them and heard for yourself and seen with your own eyes the varied stories, the quaintly amusing or tensely dramatic little incidents and episodes that touch you with pity or laughter irresistibly as you read of them here. "Arthur's" is no everyday piece of work; you will put it on your shelf with the books of Jacobs and Pett Ridge, not because it has resemblances to either, but because it has an elusive pathos and its own delightful vein of humour that entitle it to a place in that good company. A. ST. J. A.

Lafayette and his Family in Prison.

From the original picture in the possession of Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart., to whom this plate "is respectfully dedicated by his obliged servant, John Jeffreys, 1805."
From "The Wife of Lafayette." (Eveleigh Nash.)

COMTESSE AND MARQUISE.*

The two illustrious Frenchwomen who bore the name of Lafayette form a remarkable study in contrasts. Belonging to different centuries, unlike in temperament, tastes and aims, their lives ran in widely divergent channels. Marie Madeleine de la Fayette, who is best known by her novels and her connection with La Rochefoucauld, author of the famous "Maxims," was of quiet and melancholic disposition, cultured and deeply thoughtful, the victim of an unhappy marriage, possessing as the only relief to days of overpowering *ennui* a great gift of friendship. Her life wore away slowly in work, grief, sickness, and suffering, which was tempered at the close by piety and resignation. On the other hand, Adrienne de Lafayette, wife of the distinguished soldier, lived in the midst of the stirring events which succeeded one another with baffling swiftness and ever-present danger at the close of the eighteenth century. She was saved almost by a miracle from the guillotine which deprived her of mother, grandmother, and sister, and her end came happily in the presence of her husband, her children, and her grandchildren. She was typically womanly, of a sweet and unselfish nature, of dauntless courage, the mainspring of her existence being the passionate love for the husband who was devoted to her.

Of the two biographies the latter offers more romance, incident, and human interest, the former better scope for character-study, literary criticism, and the analysis of friendship. The Comtesse de la Fayette, although not a great personality, was in some ways an exceptional one. She lived up to her ideal that the finest woman is at the same time the most modest; in her own words, the one who knew how "to have nothing which can make her remarked." This trait renders it difficult to see her and draw her distinctly. She retired into her shell, she allowed some of her best self to be absorbed by her friends, she hated letter-writing, and rarely discussed her own feelings. Only the most patient, sympathetic, and intuitive writer would trouble to pick up all the salient points of her character and reconstruct piece by piece, almost fragment by fragment, the real woman as she was. Frankly, the author has not devoted herself to any such simple labour of love. Her brain is far too full of brilliant and vivid pictures of court life, salon life, and city life to be contented with small things in a study of one woman and her platonic friendship for one man. She hurries through a dozen biographies of notable people in the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., including Richelieu, Gaston d'Orléans, La Grande Mademoiselle, Mme. de Rambouillet, Ninon de Lenclos, Mme. de Sévigné, Henriette, wife of the little Monsieur, La Rochefoucauld, La Fontaine, and Segrais. Certainly these people played a part, many of them a large part, in the life of Mme. de la Fayette, but, entertaining as they are, they crowd round her so unmercifully that she is literally lost to sight in the midst of them. The first third of the book is gone before we are introduced to its heroine, only the last third seems to belong exclusively to her and her work. Her novels, of which the best remembered is "La Princesse de Clèves," mark the transition from the voluminous tomes of heroic romance by Gomberville, La Calprenède, and Mlle. de Scudéry to something more human, philosophical, and concise. That is their claim to a place in the history of French literature, and, though they are not in vogue to-day, the woman who wrote them deserves to be remembered for her simplicity in an ornate age.

Mrs. MacDermot Crawford's book, "The Wife of Lafayette," comes second in point of chronology. It contains a short portrait of the earlier Mme. de la Fayette, whose direct descendant married Mlle. Adrienne de Noailles. The latter's girlhood and betrothal are charmingly described. She and her youthful lover—they were fourteen and seventeen years of age respectively—took their first walk in the beautiful and famous gardens of the Hôtel de Noailles unembarrassed by the presence of a third party. "What a divine blush, as the gallant marquis pressed his first kiss—unchaperoned, which makes a very great difference—on the taper fingers of Mlle. de Noailles, and bravely drew his sword to free the path of a rebellious bramble,

* "Marie Madeleine Countess de la Fayette." By Lilian Rea. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"The Wife of Lafayette." By M. MacDermot Crawford. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

that it might not annoy his 'dearest Adrienne.'" In after years he was unable to shield her thus with the sword he fiercely wielded. When she told him "with tears and the dry sobs of that grief which is beyond expression" of her mother's death and the equally tragic fate of her sister and grandmother, his heart was nigh bursting at her story of crime and horror. "He was loyal to *la belle France*, but those monsters who had made her name a synonym for wanton slaughter his arm could not have been too ready to strike down, while cursing them for the disgrace they had brought upon their country in the name of *Liberté*."

There are many interesting, some forcible passages in the book. The author describes sympathetically the young wife's grief at the separation from her husband during his absences in America, her struggle after his return between her devotion to the things of the old régime and her sympathy with his republican views, her misery at his imprisonment when she knew nothing of his whereabouts, not even whether he was alive or dead, her refusal to be divorced, as many were for the sake of safety and in the hope of retaining possession of their estates for their children, her pride in making use of the daring form of address, "La femme Lafayette," which could not fail to emphasise the danger of arrest. The striking narrative of M. Carrichan, the priest who walked beside the tumbril in order to give absolution to the condemned members of the de Noailles family, is quoted in full. The author writes with restraint and insight, and her book is none the less a welcome addition to the inexhaustible story of the Revolution because she handles personal and intimate details rather than main issues. If there be an omission, it is that she has not dwelt fully enough on Mme. de Lafayette's social life and the many friends who gathered in her drawing-room before the crisis.

Both books contain good illustrations and a full index.

FRANK HAMEL.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **James Gairdner, C.B.**
Author of "Lollardy and the Reformation in England."

THE BREACH WITH ROME.*

Carlyle has somewhere drawn an admirable distinction between the historical artist and the historical artisan. So, at least, the ingenious Mr. Birrell alleges, and supports his allegation by instancing Bishop Stubbs and Professor Freeman as sound historical artisans, of whose strenuous labours every ignoramus must speak with respect. Dr. Gairdner is another of these horny-handed sons of toil. He accumulates laboriously and soundly, and he appreciates most thoroughly (again to quote the inestimable Chief Secretary) that an historian stands in a fiduciary position towards his readers. Like an honest trustee, he withholds nothing and distorts nothing.

This honesty of accumulation is nowhere more valuable than in dealings with the Reformation. One almost trembles to open an English book on this or any other ecclesiastical subject, lest there should be the usual Protestant tub-thumping. The average Englishman simply cannot be trusted in matters of religious history. He isolates facts, and puts forward interpretations of them that are as ludicrously distorted on the one side as the more open polemics of fervid Catholics are on the other, and gravely insists that he is offering you, not a Protestant view of things, but complete truth. I am not a Catholic, I never was a Catholic, and never shall be; but if I ever fled to that historically interesting Church it would be in desperate reaction from the bland assumptions of Protestant historians. Newman was certainly right when he said that the only Englishman who could be taken seriously in ecclesiastical history was Gibbon the unbeliever. Why historians should distort facts for religious purposes I can never discover. Surely no one's religious belief is derived from history! That Mary burnt Protestant bishops would make me neither less nor more Protestant; that Henry VIII. ripped up Carthusian monks would make me neither less nor more Catholic; but the fact that historians, on either side, habitually magnified the one and minimised the other, and offered their distortion as shapely truth, might certainly make me fly from the faith that prompted such questionable zeal. Dr. Gairdner is unimpeachable in this matter. History with him is not a means of buttressing up one form of faith and battering down another; and though he makes his own religious position clear, and rejoices in the idea of a National Church, he spares no unlovely detail in the story of that Church's establishment. These volumes form a masterly contribution to the story of a great event, and no student of history can afford to overlook them.

Dr. Gairdner's starting-point and attitude can be illustrated best by a quotation from his first page:

> "One whom we might well take as a guide considers the Reformation as 'a great national revolution which found expression in the resolute assertion on the part of England of its national independence.' These are the words of the late Bishop Creighton, who further tells us in the same page that 'there never was a time in England when the papal authority was not resented, and really the final act of the repudiation of that authority followed quite naturally as the result of a long series of similar acts which had taken place from the earliest times.' I am sorry to differ from so able, conscientious, and learned an historian."

So far, then, his position is negative; his positive view is that the struggle in the sixteenth century was "a contest, not of the English people, but of the King and his Government, with Rome." Now I recognise the temerity of a mere reader of history like myself in dissenting from the views of a great authority like Dr. Gairdner, yet, having spent my days and nights, for a long time past, in worrying the volumes of that great collection with which Dr. Gairdner's name is so honourably associated, and having, too, read the present volumes with great care and deliberation, I

* "Lollardy, and the Reformation in England: an Historical Survey." By James Gairdner, C.B., LL.D. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)

feel sure that Creighton is right and Dr. Gairdner wrong. I am convinced, indeed, that Dr. Gairdner's view is wrong chiefly by the facts that Dr. Gairdner himself adduces. His main thesis, namely, that the Reformation did not derive from Lollardy—that Lollardy was practically dead by Henry VIII.'s time, is perfectly sound. The Reformation was certainly not a triumph of Lollardy, as such; but it was undoubtedly a triumph of the principle of revolt, of which Lollardy was the chief symptom. Tyndale did not re-echo the doctrines of Wyckliffe, but the same spirit moved both. It is true that mediæval England was loyal, generally, to the spiritual dominion of Rome; but it is also true that she vigorously resented any temporal exorbitance of Papal authority. The Conqueror himself, who gave the Church so much liberty of jurisdiction, resolutely refused to go to Canossa; John defied the Papacy quite successfully for eight years; the Pope's collectors were ducked and otherwise ill-used in the days of provisions and exactions; Edwards First and Third legislated seriously against abuses of ecclesiastical power; the Commons, in the first years of the fifteenth century, proposed to confiscate Church property, and alien priories were actually suppressed a hundred years before Henry VIII. It is quite true that incidents of this kind did not produce the Reformation; but they all indicate that England was developing a strong centrifugal tendency, and that final flight from Rome was merely a matter of time. And then the rapid spread of Lollardy, and the growth of strong feeling against ecclesiastical scandals, are evidence that England was shaping itself for a change. Lollardy as a visible power perished in the flames of the heretics' Statute; but the tendency to revolt could not be repressed. Thus in 1498, nearly a hundred years after the Statute, a heretic priest was burnt at Canterbury. In the next year, Ludovico Sforza's ambassador wrote describing a new set of heretics who were then being persecuted by the prelates. Cardinal Morton distinguished himself by his reforming zeal against immorality and heresy both. In 1511 two heretics were burned in one day by Henry VIII., and Ammonius wrote to Erasmus suggesting that the daily holocausts and the regular increase in the crop of heretics would certainly raise the price of fuel. In 1514 occurred the case of Richard Hunne, who, having resisted a claim of the Church for fees, presently found himself accused of heresy. He was confined in the Lollards' prison at St. Paul's, and was there found dead—perhaps by suicide, perhaps by foul play. But whatever the truth of the matter, there was such an outburst of anti-clerical feeling that a London jury (it was alleged) would have returned a verdict against any clergyman however innocent. Now facts like these are signs of the times. Remember that the name of Luther was as yet unknown—not till three years after Hunne's case did the blows of his hammer on the church-door of Wittenberg begin to shake the whole fabric of Christendom. It seems, then, to me, quite clear that the Church of England would have revolted from Rome had Luther never been born, and that Papal Supremacy would have been abolished had Henry VIII. never sought a divorce. As far as England is concerned, they merely hastened the inevitable rupture.

The part played by Henry VIII. in the Reformation is, I think, greatly overrated. Froude's brilliant account of the hero-king who, in his zeal for national independence in religion, regretfully but firmly sacrificed even his friends, is now hopelessly discredited; but later and more trustworthy historians seem still to be hypnotised by the majestic lord that broke the bonds of Rome, and it is seriously put forward, for instance, by his latest biographer, that Henry VIII. foresaw St. Bartholomew and the Thirty Years' War, and with his own strong right arm saved England from such excesses. Such statements always remind me of Disraeli's famous gibe that certain philosophers are famous for discovering the future when it has taken place. Henry VIII. was indeed an excessively choleric and strong-willed person; but he had remarkably little foresight, as the early years of his reign should prove. He threw over the Pope, and resolutely harried the Papacy, in just the same spirit of private and personal rancour as he sacrificed Katherine and Wolsey, and More and Anne, and Cromwell and Norfolk, and was prepared to sacrifice even his daughter Mary. What Henry VIII. wanted was not that the Reformation should flourish or a National Church be established, but that he should have his own way and be free to destroy those who impeded that way. The minority of Edward VI. and the personal ambitions of anti-papal Protectors did more to establish Reformation principles here than all the beheadings and disembowellings under Henry VIII. But, in the end, the Reformation triumphed, not because this king was for it or that queen against it, but because the times were ripe and the men ready. The substitution of Royal for Papal authority was indeed the work of the King and his Government; but this Supremacy is one of the important things that do not matter. What did matter was not that the King was head of the Church, but that the Pope was not; and this change could never have been made against a strong national opposition. That the national will was not violently in favour of Rome is due to those who laboured and died in the seeding time of Lollardy. The rise of Puritanism soon showed how much importance was to be attached to Royal Supremacy: it proved that England was going to believe what it wished, and not what its sovereigns wished. If we are inclined to be grateful to Henry VIII. because the power of Rome in England was broken by his "iron will," let us remember that the Royal despotism would be as intolerable to us as the Roman, and rejoice greatly over the extinction of both.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE CHARM OF EGYPT.*

This much Mr. Robert Hichens and Mr. Douglas Sladen have in common—their love of Egypt, and their keen susceptibility to the call and the ineffable charm of it. Indeed, in his rich, hauntingly cadenced, imaginative prose. Mr. Hichens so nearly succeeds in uttering the ineffable, explaining the spell, defining the charm, that the reader fancies he, too, realises and can feel it. In language as glamorous, as impressionistic and as full of magic as are the colour-pictures of M. Jules Guérin that illustrate it, Mr. Hichens re-creates the dreamy, golden atmosphere, the clear and wonderful skies, the silent, mystic desert places, the bizarrely picturesque cities and villages, the temples and monuments and "hot, mysterious tombs" of Egypt; and everywhere he is subtly sensible of the weird, occult influences that emanate from its sacred ruins and world-old memorials, as when looking on one of the Pyramids standing steeped in the sunlight he says that, with its more wonderful comrade the Sphinx, it "has the power peculiar, so it seems to me, to certain of the rock and stone monuments of Egypt, of holding itself ever aloof, almost like the soul of man, which can retreat at will, like the Bedouin retreating from you into the blackness of the Pyramid, far up, or far down, where the pursuing stranger, unaided, cannot follow."

So prevailing y has the spirit of ancient Egypt laid its spell upon Mr. Hichens that he resents the intrusion of modern inventions and improvements into that "land of sand and ruins and gold, the land of charmed serpents and the afterglow," and speaks with disrespect even of the great Dam.

On the other hand, Mr. Sladen heartily approves of all

* "Egypt and its Monuments." By Robert Hichens. With Pictures in colour by Jules Guérin, and a number of Photographs. 20s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Egypt and the English." By Douglas Sladen. With 40 Illustrations and a Map. 21s. net. ((Hurst & Blackett.)

such useful up-to-date innovations. He is moved by the beauty and splendid traditions of the place, and feels that "the fascination of Egypt is eternal," but he has a shrewdly practical mind, is interested in its commercial development, its political outlook, its moral and intellectual progress, and devotes himself to a conclusive exposition of the advantages that Egypt and the Egyptians have derived from the rule of the English. The railways that Mr. Hichens curses are blessed by Mr. Sladen and glorified as new marvels in a country that was rich in marvels already; he is glad of the comforts of a perfectly-appointed hotel, and has good words to say for the luxurious river-steamers and the masterly organisation of Messrs. Cook. He is a reliable, discursive, entertaining guide; he retells the story of Khartoum, and touches on other significant events in the history of Egypt; he has a keen eye for anything that is strange, picturesque, interesting, and his descriptions of places and people are always admirable.

FRANK RICHARDSON'S NEW NOVEL.*

It has always seemed to me rather hard that a man who has once joined the ranks of the humorous writers should find a certain amount of opposition, or, at any rate, surprise, as soon as he attempts anything else. In the same way a man who has written tragedies and made his name in that direction might be, and probably would be, received with some coolness if he were to write even a very excellent farce. It is perhaps unfair that it should be so, but there is no doubt about the fact. Specialism is one of the most marked and universal characteristics of modern life.

* "The Other Man's Wife." By Frank Richardson. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Near view of the Colossi of Memnon.
From stereograph, copyright, 1908, by Underwood & Underwood, New York. From "Egypt and its Monuments." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Photo by Lekejian, Cairo. **The Sphinx—excavated.**
From "Egypt and the English." (Hurst & Blackett.)

Now Mr. Frank Richardson has made himself a specialist in a very curious way, on a very curious subject. Incidentally he is a humorist; and specially he is a humorist on the subject of whiskers. Countless essays, articles, stories, paragraphs, amusing rigmaroles of every kind have flowed from his pen on the subject. He has written no less than ten novels and books of short stories dealing with "hirsute appendages." At last he has written a serious novel, a realistic novel—sensational and contemporary. It is not a funny book, although there is wit in it, and it leaves the subject of whiskers untouched; to many readers, therefore, it may prove, in that sense, a disappointment, but it is really a brilliantly clever, remarkably interesting novel, and has supremely the enviable power of holding the reader's attention from beginning to end. It is an absorbing story, in some respects a painful one. Surely one of the most essential points of a novel is that it should have a good story, well told, and in "The Other Man's Wife" Mr. Richardson has told the story admirably. It is the history of a family of limited means; one of whom, the eldest son, has blossomed out into a great and popular actor; the other son, the hero, Richard, is a brilliantly clever barrister with a great future, and high ambitions. There is also a sister, Ethel, who marries an unscrupulous young stockbroker. He ends by getting into serious, indeed tragic, trouble; but that by

the way. Richard has a deep and passionate devotion for the beautiful Mrs. Ainslie, who returns his devotion, adores him, and would gladly marry him if she were not already married to an eccentric and rather dreadful elderly hypochondriac. This husband is quite mad on the subject of taking medicine; he takes it all day long. Mrs. Ainslie does everything in the world that she can to help on Richard in his ambitions, and is very successful. Meanwhile Richard finds out that his brother-in-law, Ethel's husband, has done something disgraceful, and there is a warrant out for his arrest. Presenting him with a revolver he succeeds in persuading him to commit suicide. This is a powerful, indeed a most thrilling, scene, and Mr. Richardson should do well with a poignant drama of real life. Shortly after this Richard's success is so great that he hopes he is about to take silk, but is warned by a judge that unless his almost notorious romance with Mrs. Ainslie ceases, he will not receive this honour. In his vanity and ambition he resolves to throw her over after all her devotion, although he loves her still. She receives the news with despair and rushes up to her husband, who is ill. He dies that night, and Richard, with no sort of evidence, chooses to think that she has poisoned him. From that time he remains away from her altogether. Although he could now marry her, which would be in every way a great worldly success for him, he will not see her again. Then she becomes very ill, and in the last scene where she is dying he comes to her and implores her to forgive him. This again is a stirring and heart-rending scene. She dies, and the sole comment of his actor brother, "Montague Cliftonville," as he calls himself, when he hears the story is, "Pity it wouldn't make a play." We rather disagree with Mr. Cliftonville in this pronouncement, and think that perhaps "The Other Man's Wife" might make a very good play.

Although written in apparently a very cynical style, it contains a fine moral for those who know where to look for it. The one fault we see in the story—as a story it is a fine one—is that Richard should so very readily believe Mrs. Ainslie capable of a horrible crime, and that he should never even try to find out about the facts. However, but for this improbability we should have had no tragedy, so we must not complain.

We hope Mr. Richardson will soon give us another thrilling novel, and we most strongly advise him now to turn his attention towards the drama.

ADA LEVERSON.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S JUDGMENTS.*

This, the fourth volume of essays we have had from Mr. Frederic Harrison in the last two years, like its predecessors gives us an outlook on life from the Positivist standpoint. For the making of the book its author has been gleaning in various magazines and reviews for articles contributed since 1866 to the present year of grace, and the result is, naturally, an extremely wide range of topics. The political relations of England and France, the enfranchisement of women, civil and religious marriage, the disestablishment of the Church, reform of the House of Lords, local veto, education, Sunday observance, parliamentary procedure, funeral rites, art and drama, and the uses of rich men are some of the chief items discussed, and upon all these matters Mr. Frederic Harrison pronounces judgment with befitting gravity. Personal recollections of John Ruskin, Sir Leslie Stephen, Canon Liddon, Sir James Knowles, Herbert Spencer, and the old Century Club are also included in these "Realities and Ideals," as well as an interesting comparison of the brothers Newman, Francis the Theist, and John Henry the Cardinal. Mr. Harrison's last word on Ruskin may be quoted: "He who was for ever preaching to us humility, submission, trust, was the most ungovernable, wilful, arrogant of men—in a high sense, the most utter egoist. He who cried out to men to obey and to follow, would follow or obey—no one but himself."

There is an aloofness from the storm and stress of life in Mr. Harrison's attitude to contemporary politics and social questions which does not diminish our respect for his opinions, nor prevent us, on occasion, from doubting the justice of his judgments. On certain topics, too, notably women's suffrage and the prohibition of alcohol, Mr. Harrison indulges in a violence of language that neither strengthens his arguments nor convinces us that abstaining from ordinary political activities ("I have hardly ever voted in a parliamentary contest in fifty years," Mr. Harrison tells us) necessarily improves the tone of public controversy. He having laid down the dictum that "all rule is tyrannical which is alien to the popular will," it is difficult to follow Mr. Harrison in his fury of invective against the more ardent advocates of votes for women. At the same time we quite understand that the Positivist synthesis does not include the admission of women to the polling booth. However, there is so much in these essays that is informing and high-minded, and the note of cheery common sense is so often sounded, that it would be ungracious to dwell on the lapses from urbanity and sound criticism. We can always say with truth of Mr. Frederic Harrison what he writes of Francis Newman: "As to himself, he was utterly fearless, disinterested, and frank."

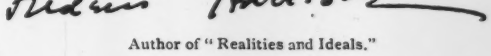
* "Realities and Ideals, Social, Political, Literary, and Artistic." By Frederic Harrison. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

THE JACKAL ON THE LION.*

Dr. Gould knew Lafcadio Hearn, even had him in his house as a guest, and received letters from him beginning

* "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn." By G. M. Gould, M.D. 8s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Photo by E. Williams, Hawkhurst.



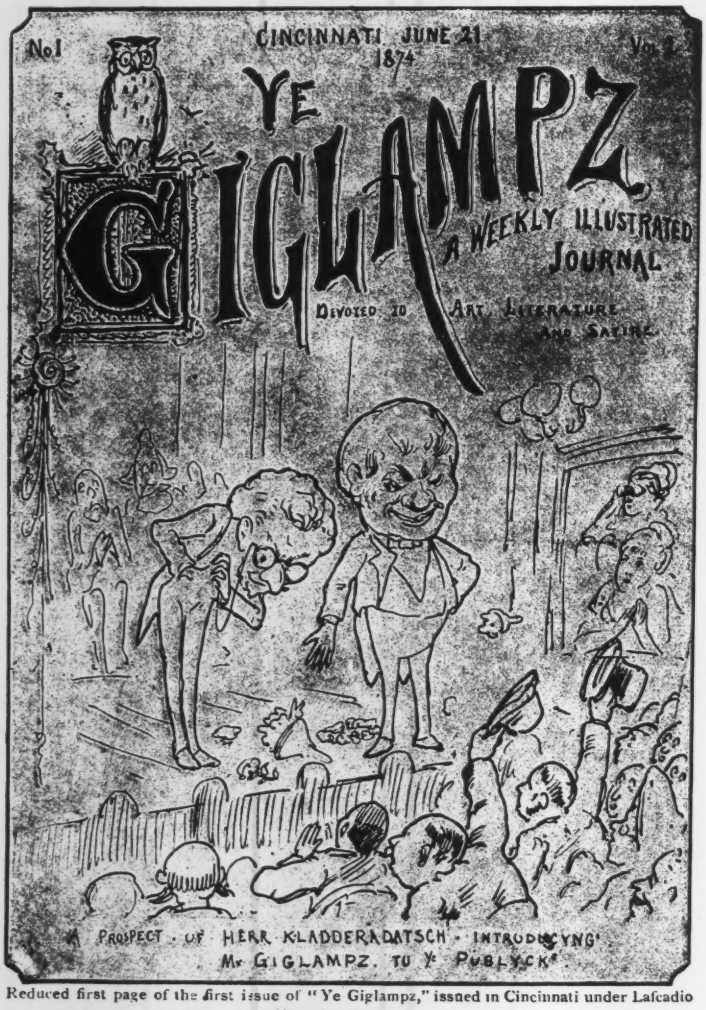
Author of "Realities and Ideals."

"Gooley" and ending "Hearneyboy." Dr. Gould urged Hearn to go to Japan, and Hearn seems to have suffered lectures from him about "Duty." Dr. Gould had, of course, to write a book about his friend, and its subject is so interesting that even its unpleasing, patronising attitude, its philistine attempt to bring an artist to the level, or indeed below the level, of a ponderous, solemn, but perhaps very well-meaning medical man, cannot destroy the value of the facts that it contains. If Dr. Could had left himself out of the book, and had omitted also some hundred pages of what he calls "Appreciations and Epitomes," he might have made a pamphlet, of perhaps sixty smallish pages, really valuable to those who are curious about the methods of a man's work and the connection between different varieties of writing and different varieties, physiologically speaking, of writers. The matter that pamphlet should have contained is so instructive as to repay the annoying labour of searching for it through this incredibly bloated book.

Dr. Gould's contribution to the public knowledge of Lafcadio Hearn is principally concerned with his eyesight. Hearn suffered from acute myopia. "Suffered" is hardly the right word, since it is not impossible that myopia was partly responsible for his power of catching atmosphere and producing luminous undetailed effects. There must be few near-sighted artists and poets who do not, in moments when the practical difficulties of seeing their way about are not important to them, tear off their spectacles in order to gain the more beautiful and more truly characteristic impression of things half seen. The mist in the paintings of Eugène Carrière, that dimness in which his figures float as if in poetry, can be poured over everything by the simple removal of the glasses. Red-brick houses that seem horridly meshed in a net of thin black lines of mortar, their windows square in white paint, their flower-pots in state rows along the sills, turn miraculously into something very splendid when the bricks merge into each other, and the bright white dims, and the flower-pots are splashes of indeterminate colour, and the houses stand out in a bloodier, warmer crimson against a dusky sky. Clear sight has no defence against multitudinous detail, but remove the spectacles, and the souls of things seem no longer so well disguised in their elaborate envelopes. Hearn was compelled to this more spiritual vision. He could hardly see anything more than a few feet away except in the vaguest masses of colour. Even with the lens, that he seldom used, he could only see one-fourth as clearly as people with ordinary eyes. The fact helps to explain the peculiar reality, half of this world and half of another, that gives independent life to all he wrote.

The book contains also information on Hearn's literary methods, which resembled those of Flaubert, sheet after sheet being wasted and thrown away, and whole days spent over single paragraphs. There are quotations too, oases in the desert of pompous, heavy style, and Hearn tells us in his own words of his aim in writing prose—"an English realisation of a Latin style, modelled upon foreign masters, and rendered even more forcible by that element of *strength* which is the characteristic of the northern tongues." But Dr. Gould is very anxious to make it quite clear that his friend was only a recorder of other people's ideas. I confess I am at a loss to understand the eminent physician's idea of creation. Hearn did not invent his stories himself. No more did Shakespeare, Chaucer, or Keats, and yet we do not say of any one of them that "he was entirely without creative power." Dr. Gould seems to think there is more creation in the invention of a plot than in putting into it a loveliness of waking life. He calls Hearn an "echo"—but of whom? The flavour of Hearn is as recognisable as that of Rossetti or Goldsmith. But no doubt there is more satisfaction in saying that a man was a chameleon (one of Dr. Gould's metaphors) than in saying, unnecessarily, but at least with truth, that he was sensitive and able to disentangle and reproduce his sensations. Dr. Gould is also careful to denounce his friend as "deprived by nature, by the necessities of his life, or by conscious intention, of religion, morality, scholarship, magnanimity, loyalty, character, benevolence, and other constituents of personal greatness" It is like a breath of clear air to turn after that to "Kwaidan," and Hearn's desire of reincarnation as a *Jiki-ketsu-gaki*, a peculiarly malevolent sort of mosquito: "I want to have my chance of being reborn in some bamboo flower cup, or *mizutamé*, whence I might issue softly, singing my thin and pungent song, to bite some people that I know." I would like him to begin by biting Dr. Gould.

ARTHUR RANSOME.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YE GIGLAMPZ
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE AND SATIRE
A PROSPECT OF HERR KLADDERADATSCH INTRODUCYNG Mr GIGLAMPZ TU Ye PUBLYCK

Reduced first page of the first issue of "Ye Giglampz," issued in Cincinnati under Lafcadio Hearn's editorship.
From "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn." (Unwin.)

FROM NAPOLEON TO FALLIÈRES*.

Mr. Berry writes on the history of Modern France from a somewhat unusual point of view. He is an Evangelical Protestant, so he tells us, a friend to the Third Republic, and one who reckons "the central organisation of the Church of Rome as amongst the great enemies of the

* "France since Waterloo." By W. Grinton Berry. 6s. (Methuen.)

From a photograph taken at Martinique in 1888. **Lafcadio Hearn.**

Reproduced from "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn." (Unwin.)

human race." The Evangelical in him feels distress and even dismay when he contemplates the propaganda of irreligion associated with French Governments since the year 1880, when M. Paul Bert drove out of the country all who belonged to Catholic orders of men and women. But the Protestant and Republican is delighted with every blow aimed at Pope or Jesuits, for whose conduct of affairs Mr. Berry cannot find words of condemnation strong enough.

So much for the personal equation, frankly set down in plain terms, lest we should mistake the writer's drift. He judges that comparatively few among us are well versed in the story of France after Waterloo. And no doubt his judgment is right. French literature does indeed offer a lively and most interesting reflection of the chief public events between 1815 and 1871 to those who study it with open eyes. Stendhal, Balzac, George Sand, Hugo, Flaubert, Maxime du Camp, and even Zola render a striking impression of the moods, the spirit, the verdict passed on their own history by the actors in it. This may well count for more than the series of Bourbon Restorations, *juste milieu* Governments, Republics of '48, Bonaparte Empires, and what we are now beholding, a *régime* of all the mediocrities. For the French are an "impressionist" people; and their literature has reacted on their history in a fashion which no other country perhaps could exhibit. However, though we teach their charming language in all our higher schools, it does not seem that any large proportion of educated Englishmen could pass an examination successfully on these points. Hence the need of a book such as, in fair measure, our Evangelical anti-Roman republican has succeeded in composing. He does not propose, like Carlyle, to dazzle us with lightning-flashes of insight or plunge us into the tragic gloom of heart-shaking episodes; he is just a temperate, well-meaning, devout and kindly observer, who prefers Parliamentary debates to battles, and touches character mainly from the outside. Some allusion to fleeting names and transient persons, known to the railway bookstall, appears to him advisable; for how otherwise hold the too easily fatigued mind from wandering while you discourse of Lamennais, Louis Philippe, Guizot, Louis Blanc, and Ledru Rollin? So must democratic history be doctored to the taste of its votaries, with one not unexpected result, viz. that it smacks of journalism from which it has been drawn. That is peculiarly so when we come to the last thirty years.

For example, take Napoleon III. He is shown in various lights, as a mountebank, a shrewd statesman, a sympathetic social reformer, a romantic, dreamy enthusiast—but how shall we fuse these characteristics into a living whole. What was the man really, after all? Other questionable shapes—Thiers and Gambetta may be instanced—are treated allusively, a line here and a line there, but we cannot be said to know them as they lived. Not a single Catholic advocate is brought into clear vision, although Lamennais deserved a place commensurate with his vast influence, and Dupanloup saved the Temporal Power. On the vital points at issue between the Third Republic and the Church—a subject on which most of our home-staying Britons are anything but well informed—we have seen what is the writer's attitude. But I would commend to intelligent readers the forty pages occupied with the Concordat and its repeal, as often furnishing those "asides" of the historian where the truth slips out almost unawares. Faith and unfaith being at death-grips in this long encounter, we are told that "France, Roman Catholic, is a nobler France, a France of which more can be hoped, than a France whose proudest boast would be a pagan culture and a pagan coldness and insensibility to all that nourishes the highest instincts of man," with much more to a similar effect.

Be it so; but, if so it is, the Jesuits and Ultramontanes who stand against such paganising deserve to be measured on a scale of equity which will do justice to their motives. They may be "clericals," but are they not Christians? When they "poison the minds" of their pupils (who come freely to them) or "debauch the honour of the army"—by preparing cadets for examination—does this mean what in ordinary English it would appear to signify? And not rather that they do their best to preserve the children confided to them from a rampant and unclean atheism? Mr. Berry says of this Third Republic:

> "On occasions, indeed, she has been guilty of what is justly described as indecent assault on the most honourable emotions, not only of Catholics, but of all Christian people, and she has seemed to take a cruel delight in probing the most sensitive nerve of the religious heart."

I could not have ventured on such bold language myself; but I rejoice that in a work meant for popular circulation the truth should at last be filtering out, and the design of men like M. Comte, M. Briand, and other "ecclesiastical commissioners," whom this volume compares to the late Mr. Bradlaugh, should be shown in its genuine colours. It is the French citizen brought up on their principles who practises the so-called Neo-Malthusian philosophy—thanks to which the death-rate now exceeds the birth-rate in non-Catholic regions. These things determine a country's fate. Who will be responsible if the grand old nation sinks to a province or is colonised by strangers?

WILLIAM BARRY.

A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.*

Mr. Stephen Reynolds, a man of the middle class with a university training and much reading, has lived with a Devonshire fisherman's family for two or three years, and has written a book on what he has seen. It is not a story, and has no natural end at all, but consists of some scores of short notes, reflections, conversations, descriptions of days and nights on sea and shore. Mr. Reynolds has a great admiration for the fisherman and his wife with whom he went to live long before he thought of writing about them. He was probably ready to admire them long before

* "A Poor Man's House." By Stephen Reynolds. 6s. (John Lane.)

he lived with them—in fact, we should not be surprised if he had already formed a pretty full theory about the life and philosophy of fishermen and others living a bold open-air life and winning their food straight from earth or sea. But it was not the admiration of FitzGerald for Posh. Mr. Reynolds is no idealist. He neither revives nor invents any such things as Arcadianism. He has seen the life as it really is and has for a long time habitually eaten and drunken and worked and played with fisherfolk. He has seen the simplicity, the kindliness, the health of it, but also the dirt, the danger, the poverty, which altogether make up a life so different from that of the black-coated and Norfolk-jacket-on-holiday classes that he regards their civilisation as a distinct one. He would probably go so far as to say that by cultivating the body, the intelligence, and the instinct together, and by its roughness and carelessness——" that's the way of it " is the only spoken wisdom of the fisherman—this life is more in accordance with the facts than any other. He certainly makes us feel a great mute force underlying their labour, their talk, their family life, a force like a tide and as likely to endure ; and he implicitly raises the question again and again whether industrialism and a social and political system founded on industrialism are not destroying a noble thing and one which we cannot lose except at our peril.

Mr. Reynolds is full of a gospel to which we cannot do justice by quotation or brief paraphrase, but which we shall be glad to see disseminated, because, though it is probably full of faults, it has a living relation to a fresh set of facts and to a very interesting personality in the author himself. There is no bunkum of any kind in the book. It is all genuinely observed and thought out, and its truth, especially as it happens to be expressed in English of equal coarseness and strength, makes for culture in the best sense. In fact, Mr. Reynolds's power of putting down what he sees is such that he could almost have done without reflection and argument altogether. His pictures and dialogues are the real thing : his gospel is bound to be tainted by his prejudice and by his consciousness of saying the new or the unwelcome word, but the record of his observation is unquestionable. There is a good deal of dialogue and more still of ejaculation, full of idiom and dialect. We see the fisherman, Tony Widger, in every position, indoors, out of doors, in bed, at sea, dressed and half-dressed, drinking, working, talking of his dead children, toying with his wife ; and the wife herself, always shrill and always cutting bread and butter, hard working, with no amusements except life, making her husband's irregular earnings go as far as they must ; both of them people who would be just as much at home with Ulysses or Gunnas of Cithenos as they are with Mr. Reynolds, people whom you could dump down in any century with a certainty that they would at once begin to be happy, to work, to have a hard time, to breed, and to endure and do necessary things. Mr. Reynolds is not afraid of putting anything down, and is careful to give us many trifles and many swear words. As a mere piece of evidence—of such a kind as no mere journalist or Royal Commission is likely to get hold of—it is very good. It is put down scrappily because no doubt the writer would run no unnecessary risks of being thought to be colouring the facts. This is a poor form, of course ; but the scraps can be built up, or even naturally build themselves up, into a portrait, a series of portraits, or a landscape of considerable richness, and even of something like completeness, though we expect to see them handled again. And then individually some of the scraps are admirable, full of real sea, cold and harsh and coming where it is not wanted, great boats, of primæval night, and rocks old as the moon. We admire very much the way Mr. Reynolds has kept in hand his power of describing sea and sky. There is just enough of the landscape to make now and then an always relevant stern or delicate scene, and to make a puissant frame to the whole.

EDWARD THOMAS.

LIFE AND BOOKS.*

Good poems are far more plentiful than good essays ; the great essayist is rarer even than the great novelist or the great poet ; and if it is true that nearly all poets die young, it is equally true that nearly all essayists who count for anything are born middle-aged. Much knowledge may be the death of poetry, but it is the making of the essay ; for your essayist must have lived long enough to have gathered experiences, to have wakened out of his dreams and made acquaintance with the realities of life, to have learned the values of things, to have fashioned something of a philosophy for himself. His eye does not roll in a fine frenzy, like the poet's ; it is a calm and contemplative eye. He has not the passionate heart of the poet, but he has sympathies at least as wide and as deep, he is kindlier, more genial, more charitable, because he has shed his illusions and, looking back on them, can laugh at himself and make allowance for the illusions of others.

Withal, there is no form of literature that gives such unfettered play to the individuality of the writer, and no form, therefore, that is more infinitely varied. To take, for example, only three new volumes in this kind that are published almost simultaneously—Mr. A. C. Benson is a poet who has given up putting rhymes to his poetry and prefers to write it as prose ; he is a scholar who has not been healthily jostled and trampled in the hurly-burly of life, but has seen a good deal of it from his college window, and has thought a good deal of it ; he is reticent, self-conscious, and nourishes the secret hankerings of the recluse ; he has a touch of melancholy that is balanced by a sense of humour, and a gentle cynicism that becomes insignificant in the shadow of his tranquil, rooted religious faith. And all these are among the qualities of heart and mind that are woven into the texture of his essays. He does not think successful men are the better for their success ; he deprecates " the conventional view that attaches virtue to perspiration, and national vigour to the multiplication of unnecessary business " ; he believes we are put into the world " to *be* rather than to *do*." He writes of such themes as " Contentment," " Friendship," " Travel," " Our Lack of Great Men," " Shyness," " Literary Finish," " Joy," and defends himself neatly and effectively from certain reviewers who have charged him with writing platitudes, failing to realise that what is original to themselves is probably platitudinous to somebody else.

Turning to " Little People," you are in a breezier, more bracing atmosphere at once, and in touch with a robuster, more vigorous personality. For Mr. Whiteing has spent his best years in the fighting-line, has striven in the very thick of the battle of life and had his full share of hard knocks, before he withdrew a little and found time to look on at it. So he writes more of men than of books, more of concrete human nature than of abstract virtues, more of homely realities than of remote ideals, more of others than of himself, and chiefly of the " little people " of the world who have appealed to his imagination and his sympathy and whom he has grown to love and admire. These little people are " a section of the quiet folk who form the vast majority of our kind " ; they rarely get into the papers ; they do not want to fight because they feel that their victory must mean the defeat of another ; in a word, they are " the average people, many of them failures as we reckon success, some of them incompetent, all of no account." A wise and a profoundly interesting book, this of Mr. Whiteing's. Its little character-sketches are excellent ; it is full of the pathos and humour, the joy and suffering, the hope and the uncertainty of common lives, and with a delicate insight and a cunning gift at clinching a point with an anecdote, gives glimpses of the quiet heroism, the usefulness, the underlying happiness of them.

* " At Large." By A. C. Benson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)—" Little People." By Richard Whiteing. 6s. (Cassell.)—" De Libris." By Austin Dobson. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Austin Dobson takes you neither to Mr. Benson's shining hills and happy valleys nor to the teeming streets and byways of the city where Mr. Whiteing is at home: he is the most delightfully bookish of authors, and while you are with him in the library poring over some quaint old folio, enjoying his erudite gossip and criticism of famous or forgotten books, you will not have the smallest wish in the world to be anywhere else. "De Libris" is a wholly charming miscellany of prose and verse; there is a poem of the lighter kind following each of the essays, and in an easy, rhyming prologue Mr. Dobson says he:

> "Slipped in the scraps of verse, that thus
> Things might be less monotonous,"

and though there is no monotony that needs such mitigation, one is glad Mr. Dobson fancied there was, since it moved him to include many deft, characteristic verses that it is good to have for their own sake. There are thoughtful, admirable essays on Thackeray's "Esmond," on Kate Greenaway and Hugh Thomson, but our private preference is for such quaint, gossipy excursions into the byways of literature as "Cross Readings—and Caleb Whitefoord," "On Some Books and their Associations," on "The Books of Samuel Rogers" (and wherever Rogers himself may be, his books are now in the byways), or "Bramston's 'Man of Taste.'"

It is impossible to draw any useful comparison between these books, and the sensible reader will not be disposed to waste his time in attempting anything so futile; he will read them and keep them on the shelf for his re-reading in quiet hours, for if he has the right catholic taste he shall get a different but an equal profit and pleasure from all three of them.

A GREAT BUILDER.*

"Christopher Wren," writes Miss Milman, "was a typical son of his century, a century which shunned mystery, which had no quarrel with the inexorable laws of nature, no longing to escape life's durance, no eagerness for a higher state of spirituality than is easily compatible with the life of every day. Gothic belongs to an early stage of civilisation, when the world was young and loved to wonder, while Renaissance is a renewal of youth, and renewals are of necessity self-conscious." Nothing could be truer than the first part of this statement, the part which concerns Wren and his age. The later seventeenth century certainly "shunned mystery." But there was nothing very young about it, and to call its architecture even *later* Renaissance is to suggest insupportable comparisons. For surely there were mystery and wonder in the Renaissance, in the golden paganism of Titian, the unquiet, insatiable wisdom of Leonardo, the Titan soul-struggles of Michelangelo; and to consider it a violent recommencement, an absolute break with the past, is to ignore the abiding influence of the beauty which men had been fashioning in colour and word and stone from at least the twelfth century. The renewal consisted not in the supersession but in the refreshment and reformation of the medieval by the classical. But the English civil war and the rule of the Puritan mark one of the few great gulfs of history. That is why to those who love the colour and glory of the quattrocento, the grace of Ronsard, the might of Shakespeare, the Gothic is far more urgent in its appeal than the stateliest work of Wren. But Miss Milman did not invent her own nomenclature.

The difference between Salisbury and St. Paul's is no mere difference of manner; it is an utter difference of ideal. One may, if one is fanciful, see in the smiling rotundity of the second the symbol of a contentment with an easily demonstrable perfection, in the pointed austerity of the first the symbol of strife after a perfection whose rare attainment is only appreciable by a purely spiritual apprehension. Or one may say that architecture stands on the borderland between science and art, that it is either music or mathematics made visible and tangible.

The seventeenth century was, as Miss Milman says, an age of "colossal curiosity." It was a curiosity, however, which concerned itself with facts. It is to Wren that the age owes its most enduring monuments, and Wren started life as a scientist. He was a member of the "ingenious world." He helped to found the Royal Society and was on three of its eight committees. At his election to the presidency he "discoursed upon earthquakes." In his early years, we are told, he had no leaning towards art. It was not till he went to Paris to escape the plague and saw the Louvre a-building that his thoughts turned definitely to architecture. Then came the burning of London to give him his chance.

It is not without irony that, just after the battle against ultra-Protestantism had been fought and won, the churches lovingly built by the devotees of the old faith were swept away; and it is significant of the permanent change of the spirit of things that their replacing was entrusted to one who coupled "Gothism" with "Enmity to the Progress of Learning" as something worse than "Rudeness." Wren, who built for Congreve's pursy cits, did not feel bound "too nicely to observe east or west," and his earliest plan for the new cathedral provided for the sermon at the expense of the sacrament. "Even the most devout in those days esteemed religion acceptably respected rather by reason than by rapture."

This latest life of Sir Christopher is a comely book, well bound and printed, well illustrated and, above all, well

Photo by Emery Walker.

Sir Christopher Wren.

After a portrait by Kneller.
From "Sir Christopher Wren." (Duckworth.)

* "Sir Christopher Wren." By Lena Milman. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

written. Miss Milman, whose style has caught something of the Augustan sonority of her period, writes with enthusiasm, perception and humanity. She has an interesting tale to tell, the tale of the crowded and various life of an attractive man, in whose face not even Kneller has been able to quench the humour and light. Wren was a great personality as well as a great architect. For even if one cannot love the "good Roman manner" as he did and Miss Milman does, one must always admire the grace and richness and stately proportion of his work. If Salisbury moves us and St. Paul's leaves us cold, it is, again, a question not of technique, but of temperament.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

AN ELIZABETHAN ROMANCE.*

In a class of story whose themes are worn almost threadbare, Mr. Speight has succeeded in striking out something new. We cannot recall anything in the way of adventure stories quite on the pattern of this romance. Its hero is a Devon lad drawn to the wilds of Central America. He finds there an unknown city, guarded by swamps and mountains and inhabited by an Indian tribe, whose ancestors in Elizabethan days had fallen in with a band of adventurers from Devon. The two had made friends and finally settled down together and become one people. The speech and even the manners and customs of the Devonian wanderers had been cherished throughout the intervening years and to some extent remained in use among their descendants, while the isolated colony had reconstructed and preserved in a glorified form, as a memorial of their past and the shrine and centre of their life in the present, the galleon that gives its name to the story. This marvellous vessel, described with intimate knowledge of Elizabethan shipping, is thus depicted:

"He found himself facing the lofty stem of an Elizabethan ship that stood in cradles formed by massive blocks of polished mahogany. His eyes wandered slowly from the glittering white of the timbers under the water-line up over the oak-grained square tuck of the stern, where the muzzles of the chase-guns loomed from beneath the warlike red portlids, to the green outwork of the gallery, on which shone in brave golden letters the legend—*The Ark of Torbay*. . . .

"Above was a bonaventure mast of gold, with a ruddy peaked-up yard, and the background was of crimson-dyed rigging, with green blocks hanging like fruit everywhere, and golden masts rising to the green and white hoops of the round tops. It was a dazzling scene, preserving all the mystery of a ship at sea with untold romance of its own."

Even so this story of adventure, set in the present day, is pervaded by a breath of glamour from "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" and from the stories of great deeds that live still in the pages of Hakluyt, which lifts it above the level of a mere romance of adventure. It is full of interest and fascination, and we know of at least one reader who, having taken it up to see what it was like, was not satisfied to lay it down till he had arrived at the final page. The opening scenes are picturesque and have a flavour of originality that runs through the whole book. Zacuan, a boy from the mysterious city, belonging in seeming to some tribe of Indians in Central America, though actually descended from one of the leaders of the Elizabethan adventurers, arrives at a South Devon port as an ambassador to his unknown and distant kinsman. On his way up country, he beguiles a stolid South Devon rural policeman into becoming his accomplice in a flagrant act of poaching. It would not be fair to tell the story or the fate of *The Ark of Torbay*. Suffice it to say that the hero, returning with Zacuan, is involved in a series of startling adventures in which he is forced to act as adviser and leader of the dwellers in the city among unexpected perils that assail them. Mr. Speight's powers of invention never flag, yet the incidents, at their wildest, are so skilfully developed from the central idea and so vividly depicted, that, even on retrospection, there is little that we could say was overdrawn. The author's descriptive powers are very considerable, and several of his characters, notably Zacuan, the Indian boy, Silma, his sister, the heroine of the story, and the mysterious "Katipaoa, the Moon-wind" must be accounted genuine creations. The gravest fault in the story, to our mind, is that it ends in such a way as to preclude the hope of a sequel.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

* "The Galleon of Torbay. A Romance." By E. E. Speight. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE BRONTË LETTERS.*

Nothing probably is more certain in regard to the future of English literature than that, as the glory of popularity has departed in turn from the later Elizabethan dramatists, from the eighteenth-century essayists, and from Fielding and Smollett, so the time must come when Dickens and Thackeray and their lesser contemporaries will join the host of the great unread. Individualism and idiosyncrasy in literature may well have reached its zenith in these extravagant performances, the vast length and topicality of which will puzzle and amaze the readers of 2000. Literary quality alone will only preserve an infinitesimal quantity of the finest poetry from the furnace; and lucky is the writer who can call in the aid of some property extraneous to that of pure literature. The characters of Sterne and of Dickens, if not of Thackeray, will probably live on vigorously more and more as a legacy apart from their books. Will it be likewise with Jane and Mr. Rochester and Paul Emanuel? I should imagine it to be most unlikely. But the Brontë family have a lucky fairy in the shape of a legend, planted by Mrs. Gaskell fifty years ago, and watered industriously since by a growing faction of hagiographers. Curiosity has grown by what it has fed on. Book after book has been constructed upon the details of the dreary loneliness, the poverty, and the tragedy of the weird sisters. This romantic tradition has been made to hang before our eyes with greater vividness and intensity than the intensest pages of "Jane Eyre" or "Wuthering Heights." These stories were poignant, and as stories have had a vigorous life, but the medium from which they sprang was a story still more insistent, and retains an accent still more appealing. The Life furnished materials for the novels, the next step is to question the materials for the Life. A mass of literature has responded to this call, but among the crowd of purveyors one has been conspicuous throughout for his industry, thoroughness, and success. It is thoroughly appropriate, then, that this magnificent collection of upwards of seven hundred Brontë letters should have been presented to the public by Mr. Clement Shorter. Though he has kept his own personal commentary in the background, the editor has put everything before us with a Boswellian thoroughness. He supplies the necessary links and explanations with unfailing clearness and competence, but he allows the documents to speak for themselves.

The sentimental enthusiasm about the lives of the Brontë sisters was due in the first instance to the indiscretion of Mrs. Gaskell. If anybody ever tried hard to tell the truth in a biography it was she, and, as we know, the result was a veritable hornets' nest. She was, indeed, extraordinarily ignorant as to the amount of suppression which the sensitiveness of modern respectability exacts from even the most candid historians. Some critics have thought that Mrs. Gaskell painted the Haworth life with

* "The Brontës: Life and Letters." By Clement Shorter. With 8 Illustrations in Photogravure. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

too sombre a brush; but after due reflection, Mr. Shorter is inclined to acquit her of any palpable exaggeration. Taken as a whole, the life of Charlotte Brontë may perhaps be regarded as one of the saddest in literature.

"At a miserable school, where she herself was unhappy, she saw her two elder sisters stricken down and carried home to die. In her home was the narrowest poverty. She had, in the years when that was most essential, no mother's care; and perhaps there was a somewhat too rigid disciplinarian in the aunt who took the mother's place. Her second school brought her, indeed, two kind friends; but her shyness made that school-life in itself a prolonged tragedy. Of the two experiences as a private governess I shall have more to say. They were periods of torture to her sensitive nature. The ambition of the three girls to start a school on their own account failed ignominiously. The suppressed vitality of childhood and early womanhood made Charlotte unable to enter into the life of a foreign city, and Brussels was for her a further disaster. Then within two years, just as literary fame was bringing its consolation for the trials of the past, she saw her two beloved sisters taken from her. And finally, when at last a good man won her love, there were left to her only nine months of happy married life. 'I am not going to die. We have been so happy.' These words to her husband on her death-bed are not the least piteously sad in her tragic story.'

The interest which was started by indiscretion is maintained by a calculated insistence upon detail. The detail given here as to the early life of Charlotte's father, the family life at Thornton, and during childhood at Haworth is extraordinarily circumstantial. Much of course was well known before, but to an increasing circle of pilgrims and enthusiasts the legend has a perennial and growing fascination which will compel them to turn these pages in the hope (which is by no means disappointed) that, among the large number of familiar letters, they will light every now and again upon some hitherto undiscovered treasure. Mr. Shorter speaks of some details being too trivial, but it is their very triviality that counts. Literary analysis fails wholly to assess comparative values here. The effect is cumulative and for the most part incalculable and unexpected. As in reading "Clarissa," one peruses page after page of formal, demure, tautological reporting and gossip, when all of a sudden the heart responds to a sudden flutter or cry of some poor wounded thing; and the life that once throbbed so wildly in the veins of this plain and prim little sister of the moorland parsonage quivers once again over the lines of print.

The minutiæ given in the notes as to the identity of all these forgotten correspondents from Miss Nussey downwards, the intimate familiarity of the interstitial passages, and the elaboration of the "narratives" which corroborate the epistolary matter here and there, keep up the excitement of an intimacy far surpassing that of every-day experience.

The note of intense and tragic personality which was sounded first by Thackeray in his Roundabout sketch on the "story of that family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy northern moors" was emphasised by Mrs. Gaskell in the vignette showing the long series of white tombstones in Haworth churchyard. Her death, her sudden fame, the thrill, the novelty of emotion which had rattled the bones of the bachelor forties—these considerations justified the triumph of this austere little Joan of Arc when she marched suddenly into fame, *cap-à-pie*, with banners streaming and flags flying, sixty years ago. Nor even now, after the critical interval, do we find that fame or that recognition excessive. For here, in these two portly volumes of 930 pages, Mr. Shorter succeeds in keeping the Brontë flag flying. The narrowness of outlook and of experience which justified so many extravagances in the author of "Jane Eyre" is just as conspicuous here; but the letters triumph in the fact that, familiar as the matter is, we go on reading them, and that, circumscribed as their range is, we are confronted neither by monotony nor by undue egoism, still less by commonplace. Coloured with a native imagination which bares to us in a succession of almost imperceptible strokes its inmost thoughts and idealisations, these letters achieve for themselves a position almost as lonely and subjective as "Wuthering Heights" or "Villette" among the intimate and personal documents of creative genius.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

HOLLAND HOUSE.*

"Though everybody who goes there finds something to abuse or to ridicule in the mistress of the house, or its way, all continue to go. All like it more or less; and whenever, by the death of either, it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing can supply. It is the house of all Europe; the world will suffer by the loss; and it may be said with truth that it will 'eclipse the gaiety of nations.'" So wrote Charles Greville, and if one lived too late to secure immortality in Horace Walpole's Journals, the next best thing is to figure in "The Gruncher's" pages. Greville, it will be noted, indicates, with his usual perspicacity, that it was not only the hostess of Holland House but also the host who made it "the house of Europe," and this point, too often lost sight of nowadays, is dwelt upon by Lord Ilchester, the editor of Lady Holland's Journal, who recalls a remark of Ugo Foscolo, "I would not go to heaven with Lady Holland, but I could go to hell with his lordship." There have been comments, kind and cruel, upon Lady Holland, but every one had a good word for the gentle, courteous, well-read gentleman. An interesting passage in Lady Holland's Journal is that in which she, then Lady Webster, describes the man, who, though of course she was ignorant of it then, was eventually to be her second husband.

"Lord Holland is quite delightful," she wrote at Florence on June 10, 1794. "He is eager without rashness, well-bred without ceremony. His disposition and turn of mind are reckoned very like his uncle, Mr. Fox: his manner resembles his maternal uncle, Colonel Fitzpatrick. His politics are warm in favour of the Revolution, and his principles are strongly tinged with democracy. . . . But he would lament with all the reasonable men should revolutionary doctrines obtain in England, as he thinks the actual form of government the best suited to the country. Though so zealous, he is totally without party rancour; in short, he is exactly what all must like, esteem, and admire. His spirits are sometimes too boisterous, and may occasionally overpower one, but he is good-humoured enough to endure a rebuke."

Lady Webster was at this time a very unhappy woman. She had been married at the age of fifteen to Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, and apparently a more ill-suited couple it would have been difficult to find. Lord Ilchester, with commendable impartiality, holds the scales between husband and wife, and pronounces that there were faults, and material faults, on both sides: that Sir Godfrey was indifferent to her tastes, and suffered from a sullen disposition, a violent temper, and fits of depression, and that, on the other hand, Lady Webster, a woman of action, not content to take a place subordinate to any man, was accustomed throughout life to express herself with often brutal frankness—which last quality, Lord Ilchester thinks, inclined her sometimes to be hysterical. Certainly, when writing of her married life, she wrote with bitter anger.

"This fatal day seven years ago," she wrote on June 27, 1793, "gave me, in the bloom and innocence of fifteen, to the power of a being who has made me execrate my life since it has belonged to me. . . . My mind is worked up to a state of savage exaltation, and impels me to act with fury that proceeds more from passion and deep despair than I can in calmer moments justify. Oftentimes in the gloom of midnight I feel a desire to curtail my grief, and but for an unaccountable shudder that creeps over me, ere this the deed of rashness would be executed."

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of her elopement with Lord Holland, and her subsequent marriage with him. It is as Lady Holland she has come down to a posterity that concerns itself not at all with her previous

* "The Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland (1791–1811)." Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. With Portraits. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

life, and therein posterity differs from Lady Holland's contemporaries, for the women of that day, with a few exceptions, would not, in consequence of her divorce and the reason for it, visit at Holland House.

Lady Holland hated the country—"the sight of a country residence inspires me with gloom," she said, "I feel escaped from some misfortune when I get out of its precincts"—and consequently the house at Kensington, then a short drive from London, appealed to her strongly. There it was she established her *salon*, the best of its kind that this country has known. Lord Ilchester says that her sway over her associates was the rule of fear, not of love; but that surely must have been a slight exaggeration, since there was no necessity for the majority of her visitors to come if they did not wish to do so. Of the imperiousness of her demeanour, however, there is no question, and she would give her orders to Macaulay as calmly as to the most unimportant person present. Once in commanding tones she commanded—her manner gave to the expression of her wish the semblance of a command—Sydney Smith to ring the bell. "Oh, yes," said that nimble wit, hastening to obey, "and shall I sweep the floor?"

The qualities that Lady Holland possessed, wherewith she attracted a wide circle of the most brilliant men in the kingdom, were many and varied. She had, under an arrogant demeanour, a warm heart; and she had a ready sympathy that enabled her to draw out the most nervous guest at her table. That she was clever goes without saying; and if proof were wanting of the wide range of her reading, by which means she contrived to remedy the defects of her early education, or want of education, it is to hand in an entry of her Journal wherein she notes the books she has perused in the first six months of 1798:

"I have read since Xmas the D. of Marlbro's *Apology*, Burnet's *History*, ye *XIII. Satire of Juvenal*, Hearne's *Travels in N. America*, Smith on ye figure and complexion of ye human species, Bancroft on dying, some desultory chemistry, *Roderick Random*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, Leti's *Life of Sixtus V.* various German and French plays, novels, and trash, Cook's Third Voyage, Wolf's *Ceylon*, part of Ulloa's *Voyage [to South America]*, and some papers in ye memoirs of ye Exeter Society. Frequent dippings into Bayle, Montaigne, La Fontaine, Ariosto. Read ye three first books of Tasso; Ld. Orford's Works."

The Journal is prefixed by an excellent Introduction by Lord Ilchester, who has carefully annotated the text. In her footnote to a passage in the Journal alluding to Königsmark, Sophia Dorothea's lover, however, he should have pointed out the blunder of Lady Holland in confusing, as did so many of her contemporaries, the Königsmark who was concerned in the murder of Thynne of Longleat with the younger brother, who was in all probability killed in the Leine Palace at Hanover.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS.*

With what general design Miss Singleton undertook to write her history of the White House may be gathered from the opening words of her preface, in which she says: "I have confined myself to the social life of the Presidents and their families while its occupants. I have strictly avoided any reference to the political turmoils of which the Executive Mansion was necessarily the centre." Miss Singleton, it must be admitted, has been as good as her word, but at the same time her book is not, therefore, to be lightly dismissed as a mere collection of social tittle-tattle. A discriminating exposition of the

"votum, timor, ira, voluptas
Gaudia, discursus"

of the different Presidents which go to make up the "farrago" of her book is not the worst method of learning something of the history of the great American people; and a comparison of the manners and etiquette observed by, say, Washington and Jefferson respectively, to take only one instance, is in itself an instructive commentary upon the times in which they lived.

In reviewing such a book as this one cannot hope to present any consecutive picture of the contents. Almost inevitably one is compelled to select a few passages relating to some of the more famous presidents. To begin, then, with Washington. Miss Singleton quotes an interesting passage, which illustrates the essentially aristocratic tone of his demeanour. When Washington "received" he greeted his visitor "with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed of as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony never occurred in those visits, even with his most near friends, that no distinction might be made." Jefferson, on the other hand, was almost too informal at times to be polite. He deeply offended Mr. Merry, the British Ambassador, upon one famous occasion, by his casual conduct. Mr. Merry was taken by Madison to be formally introduced to Jefferson. Mr. Merry, a diplomat of the old school, was in full official costume, and we can imagine his rage when (in his own words) he found himself "introduced to a man as President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but actually standing in slippers down at the heels, and both pantaloons, coat and under-clothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied." Washington had made of the formal opening of Congress a dignified state occasion as he drove up in his great cream-coloured coach, the painted panels of which were adorned with Cupids and festoons of flowers. Jefferson set his face against all this, and on the opening of Congress in 1801, much to the general surprise, sent a written message, thereby setting a precedent which has been followed by his successors.

No account of the duties of an American President would be complete without reference to that hand-shaking which has come to be one of the penalties of the position. Here, for example, is a picture of what Lincoln had to undergo. "From eight till half-past ten, Mr. Lincoln took the position usually occupied by the President at receptions, and, during the whole time, did not have a resting spell of one minute, but shook hands continually, a large part of the time shaking the gentleman with the right hand and the lady with the left, or *vice versa*, as the case might be, in order to facilitate the movements of the multitude. It was evidently a new sensation for the arms of the renowned old rail-splitter. But he bore it well." Some of the most interesting passages are those in which Miss Singleton describes the visits of distinguished guests. Among these in the time of President Buchanan was King Edward VII., then travelling as Baron Renfrew. As each person passed at the reception at the White House, we are told, "the President shook hands with his customary urbanity, and the Prince bowed his head as usual. Several ladies succeeded in shaking his hand, however. By way of preparation for dinner, the Prince played a game of ten-pins in the gymnasium of a school for girls, whither he went with Miss Lane and Mrs. Secretary Thompson."

The chief stress has been laid upon this social side to Miss Singleton's book because it was her object to record how some Presidents wore flowers in their buttonholes while others did not, how some entertained their visitors with wine while one at least served only water at State dinners, and so forth. But one must again remind the reader of this review that there is more solid matter mixed up with the light, and many people will be interested, for example, in Miss Singleton's chapters describing the various architectural changes through which the White House has passed and the furniture which has been collected therein by successive occupants. A number of excellent illustrations are included.

* "The Story of the White House." By Esther Singleton. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Novel Notes.

SALTHAVEN. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Methuen.)

It is difficult to criticise Mr. Jacobs, because that is one of the few things we have not the smallest inclination to do. We would as soon criticise fine weather and sit in judgment on the very sunshine. How can you settle down in cold blood and solemnly analyse and minutely apportion praise and blame to a book that has kept you chuckling audibly, or laughing comfortably inside yourself all the while you were reading it? We might summarise the plot; Mr. Jacobs's plots are always ingeniously simple and quaintly farcical, and this of "Salthaven" is even more so than usual; but in a Jacobean novel the characters invariably count for more than the story, and no man can hope to get any adequate idea of such an office-boy as the owlish boy Bassett, such droll, inimitably ingenuous skippers, bo'suns, and genial seafaring blunderers as Captains Trimblett, Truefitt, Sellars, and Mr. Walters, of such designing widows as the exasperating Mrs. Chinnery, such pert, flirtatious maid-servants as Rose, or so wilful and wholly charming a heroine as Joan Hartley, without reading "Salthaven" itself; surely and beyond all question an infinitely more enjoyable thing than reading the best that anybody can write about it. We might quote bits of dialogue: some of those easy, natural conversations, nine lines of which keep you quietly and expectantly amused till the tenth with some sudden, unexpected, sly turn sets you laughing irresistibly; we might quote these, or talk of Mr. Jacobs's limpid, deliberate, uneccentric, wonderfully effective narrative art, and say that in one or both lay the secret of his success as a humorist, only that this guessing seems as idle as would an earnest argument as to why a man laughs when he is tickled. It is sufficient and more to the purpose to say emphatically that "Salthaven" is as clever and as delightfully humorous as any novel Mr. Jacobs has ever given us.

OVER BEMERTON'S. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

This "Easy-going Chronicle," to quote the sub-title, has all the outward semblance of a novel, but there the likeness ends. This will doubtless be a grievance with those who like their fiction hot and strong, with a dash of romance, plenty of love-scenes, and at least one marriage. There is, indeed, some sentiment, and the promise of a marriage thrown in, it seems, it must be confessed, as a sop to convention; but it is not on these things that the book depends. If Mr. Lecky had not told Bemerton, the second-hand bookseller, that the first essential of a bed-book must be dulness, this volume should have been described as a bed-book: as it is, it may be declared one of that small and select collection of books that every person blessed with a sensitive literary palate knows and cherishes as one into which, after the first delightful reading, he may happily dip and dip again. That is to say, the book has personality: in this case the personality includes a gentle humour, a refined taste, an agreeable reflectiveness, an aloofness from the sordid considerations of modern life, and an occasional flash of the rapier when the easy-going chronicler is aroused to anger. We read of landladies and the Church, of the charm of Queen Anne's Gate and of Harry Lauder, of journalism and cricket past and present, of the forgotten works of Walter Pope and Daniel Paterson, of music-hall songs, suffragettes and Nichol's "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," of the plays of Mr. Pinero, the Salomé dance, and Mr. Giles's "Chinese Biographical Dictionary," published in London and Shanghai exactly a score of years ago. It is a most astounding medley, all very human and very delightful, set forth with the inconsequence of a Sterne, the simplicity of a Lamb, and the dainty, whimsical humour of Mr. E. V. Lucas: to our exceeding satisfaction.

TWO IN A FLAT. By Jane Wintergreen. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Nobody may hope to draw for himself any sort of embracing circle in London, big enough to provide him with the certainty of seeing at least one known face when he goes out into the streets. That is ever an adventure, like plunging into an unfamiliar sea; the only person you can count upon meeting in London is London herself. She is always a friend and a companion to you; but you cannot be a friend or a companion to her, so the relation is one-sided and takes the place of nothing." This is Miss Wintergreen's metropolitan philosophy on its deeper side, but the bulk of it is lighter. Her scene is a flat in Kensington. She and her servant, 'Ammersmith, occupy the stage, and the book consists of clever, kindly observations upon the various tradesmen and neighbours with whom they happen to be thrown into contact. This does not sound promising for a story. But read it and you will discover how delightful and entertaining a volume can be written by a dweller in Kensington who is shrewd and humorous. It is high praise to give a little book of this kind, but it is just to say that it deserves a place next "Rudder Grange" upon the bookshelf.

THIS, MY SON." By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport, with the assistance of Miss M. Edwardes. 6s. (Sisley's.)

Another of M. Bazin's finely wrought studies of French peasant life. The scene is laid in the Angevin Vendée, where a farmer has two sons, one of whom develops the instinct of a scholar and is educated for the priesthood. But a hopeless passion for Mademoiselle Laubriet, the daughter of the local landed proprietor, leads him to swerve aside into journalism. The step leads to an estrangement between Pierre and his family, especially his father. A village girl secretly loves him and champions his cause. But Pierre dies, and the farmer is left disconsolate. Such is the bare outline of the story. But readers of M. Bazin's previous work will understand the idyllic pathos with which the story is developed. It has the true air of the French peasantry and their struggles breathing through its pages, and it is written with a distinction of style which the translation admirably reproduces. A beautiful piece of artistic work, in the sphere of clean realism.

LEONORE STUBBS. By L. B. Walford. 6s. (Longmans.)

Mrs. Walford has long ago proved a mistress of her craft. The modern domestic novel, whose main interest lies in the interaction of two or three characters, is Mrs. Walford's "line"—as the commercial phrase runs. This is a capital specimen of its class. The heroine is a young, pretty widow, who returns to her father's house; flirts unmercifully with a local laird and a doctor's apprentice, in order to keep her hand in; and finally has the misfortune to discover her affinity in the soldier who has engaged himself to her sister. The tangle is cleared up, of course. Major Foster wins Leonore, which is more than she deserves. The picture of the choleric, selfish old General Boldero is one of the best things in the story. After he dies, the climax of the book is rather huddled up, but his three daughters hold the reader's attention, and the heroine especially is a vivid, if not exactly an attractive, queen upon the chess-board. Her moves, however, are diagonal, not straightforward.

THE SUPREME TEST. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Kythe West "was not a beauty; but almost every man who looked upon her believed that she was. She was one of that little band of Charmers for whom wild things have been done, battles fought, quarrels waged." The man she is engaged to is not the only one to find her

the "torment of my soul and delight of my life," for she has been engaged or half engaged to others, and is no sooner pledged to Ivan than she begins to doubt whether she really loves him, and goes away to stay with her friend Frieda so that, in absence, she may make up her mind about him. Frieda is as subdued, and reasonable, and reliable as Kythe is gay, high-spirited, daringly irresponsible; for whereas Kythe has money, Frieda, being poor, is governess to the orphan daughters of the widower Wilmot Cunliffe, and it is under Cunliffe's roof that Kythe stays as her friend's guest. Cunliffe's character is very strikingly developed; he is a complacent, narrowly religious man, but there is nothing little in his nature; and if Kythe's pretty impertinences irritate him they also serve to awaken all that is finest and best in him. It is Ivan who says, "I think all manner of things might be true. I think life is more many-sided than I imagined, and that love has more hiding-places than anybody could possibly dream of"; but it is Kythe and Wilmot Cunliffe that have reason to know the full truth of his words. This is a brilliant story; better still, it is a natural and delightfully human story; it has the tenderness, the poignancy, the sunny humour and quiet charm that are inherent in all Mrs. Baillie Reynolds's work.

IMPERIAL RICHENDA. By Rosamond Langbridge. 6s (Alston Rivers.)

Miss Langbridge rightly describes this new novel of hers as a fantastic comedy; it is wildly, irresponsibly farcical and the best of good fun from beginning to end. The good-natured, vulgar little Solomon Roche, having made a fortune out of Roche's Twist Tobacco, opens a dreary, big hotel by the seaside on the outskirts of Dublin. His snobbish, toadying wife and eldest daughter, the younger daughter and her discreet governess, come out to look over the hotel, which is badly patronised and very badly managed; but learning that Sir Anthony Amersham is stopping there, Mrs. Roche promptly decides to conceal the fact that the hotel is the property of her husband, arranges that all the family shall stay there as guests and make the most of the opportunity to cultivate Sir Anthony's acquaintance with a view to annexing him as her daughter's husband. She is chagrined to learn that the pretentious, aristocratic Mrs. Vandravarte and her daughter have just engaged rooms at the hotel, and foresees that Mrs. Vandravarte has designs that are similar to her own. At this juncture Richenda arrives. The hotel is sorely in want of a housemaid; Richenda offers herself, without any character and with no recommendation except that her last mistress was a duchess. Mr. Roche engages her, for reasons that are finally made clear; everybody is charmed with her, and the dull hotel is transformed under her influence. But complications arise; there are misunderstandings and discords, and Richenda is at the root of them all; then, when at last she seems to have been proved disreputable and untrustworthy, there comes a surprise for everybody but Mr. Roche, and the whole thing ends in a burst of laughter. You may say it is improbable, or even impossible, but you will certainly say also that it is irresistibly amusing.

A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE. By Constance Elizabeth Maud. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is the pleasantly innocuous story of the strained marital relations of a dour Scotch laird and his volatile little French wife. Miss Maud is not for psychology, nor for acute analysis of motives; she prefers a gently flowing narrative, an immaculate heroine, and an equally immaculate if rather stupid hero, misunderstandings of the sort that are always cleared up, sunshine after rain, and the tears sandwiched between the laughter. Sir Archibald Ross marries Jeanne de Clarvaux after a few weeks' courtship, brings her home to his Calvinistic and angular mother

Photo by Arthur Rouselle. **Miss Constance E. Maud.**
Author of "A Daughter of France."

and sisters, introduces the dashing young neighbour, Alan Farquharson, and awaits developments. They come speedily. His mother persists in misunderstanding and disapproving of his wife, with whom Alan falls in love, only to be gently but firmly repulsed, while sister Marjory, resentful of Alan's defection, grows jealous and departs on a visit to a brother in India. Alan resolves to bear his wounded heart to South Africa, where the drums of war have just begun to beat. His farewell to Jeanne is witnessed, and misinterpreted, by Archie, who with fierce words drives Jeanne from his hearth. She is lost to him for some years, during which Archie takes upon himself to repent his harshness. Jeanne, in exile, has a little son. He grows up, in the South of France and elsewhere, and has measles, grows delirious, demands a father, a luxury possessed by all his friends of the village, but for an inscrutable reason denied to himself. Jeanne sends the telegram to Archie that calls him from Dundrum to Provence, he arrives, to find the youthful David recovered, and Jeanne at death's door. Another recovery, a rush back of all three to Dundrum, and a triumphal procession of villagers lead up to the final embrace and reconciliation between Jeanne and Archie's mother on the steps of the big house. Miss Maud's sentimentality is not aggressive, and her portraits of Jeanne and the three Scotchwomen are the products of more than a little skill in feminine characterisation.

THRICE ARMED. By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (John Long.)

"Thrice Armed" is a vigorous romance of rough lives and hard living in those glamorous wilds of Canada that are on the edge of civilisation, or a little beyond. Jim Wheelock, hearing that his old father is doing badly and needs looking after, throws up his commission as a lieutenant in the British Navy, and hastens home to British Columbia to do a man's work on his father's coasting schooner *Tyee*, and, if possible, to get the old man's affairs in order and save him from ruin. He has fallen into the clutches of Merril, the money-lender, a ruthless, subtle,

avaricious brute, whose bond is coming due and who sees his way to getting possession of the elder Wheelock's vessel and appropriating his trade. It is to prevent this that Jim, who is himself without means, sets desperately to work; he is perhaps somewhat hampered in his resolves when he meets and finds himself in love with the charming Anthea Merril, the money-lender's daughter, but he is strengthened in them by the tragic death of his father, and his sister's bitter and implacable determination to avenge it on the man whose merciless cupidity had practically hounded him out of life. Mr. Bindloss writes of places and people he has known; he writes too, with a simple directness and a vivid, deliberate, matter-of-fact realism that are not bettered even by Defoe. There is something rugged, big, forceful about the story itself and the style of its unfolding.

SALVATOR. By Perceval Gibbon. 6s. (Blackwood.)

If "Salvator" is not a great book, it is the theme of it that is at fault, and not the style of it. Mr. Gibbon has worked in wax instead of in marble; to mix the metaphor, his artistry is perfect, but he puts his kingly robes on a figure that is not big enough to wear them effectively. He is admirably terse; he writes imaginatively and with such a nervous forcefulness that his very words are alive and flower continually and naturally into picturesque phrases and imagery. Salvator is an incorrigible idealist, bent upon raising a revolution in Mozambique and regenerating the place. "Sometimes I think he's mad," says Pumphrey, his quaint, shrewd, staunch lieutenant, "and sometimes I think he's a fool; but I know he's right. He's the man to make a white man's country of this place. You've seen it—a little of it. Dirty and rough and broke, all slavery and stealing and killing and filth. You trust me; if there's any one can go through it and clean it up like you clean a rusty knife, it's him." At the outset, Salvator's revolution has been nipped in the bud, and he is in prison.

Photo by Moyse. **Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson**
Author of "The Golden Precipice." (Cassell.)

Pumphrey enlists the sympathies of Chartres, an English traveller who chances to be staying at Mozambique, and with their assistance Salvator escapes and is shipped off to England. Later, returning home, Chartres finds Salvator living in his own corner of Sussex, and already in love with the charming Lady Betty, to whom Chartres had long since given his heart. There is a wonderful glamour and fascination about the high-souled idealist, and Betty becomes engaged to him; but presently when the faithful Pumphrey writes that the revolution is all in train again and only waits for a leader, nothing can hold Salvator back from what he regards as his duty; he realises that domestic life is not for him, that Chartres is Betty's "natural mate"; and Betty herself dimly feels this, and Chartres tells him sturdily that he had known it all along. "Yes, you'll both be happy," says Salvator bitterly. "God, if you knew how I hate to see living human beings fatten themselves on that kind of happiness! You'll live here, torpid like snakes in winter, feeding yourselves and starving your souls. No harm will come to you; you can buy it off. And I'll be down there in the sun, balancing my life on my finger, dodging between disease and murder, with ruffians for my companions and scoundrels for my enemies. But I shall be alive, every fibre of me; every drop that runs in my veins will be red and quick. And you two will pity me." And so he goes back in pursuit of his impossible ideal, and perhaps in the end they have reason to pity him. It is an uncommonly clever story, brilliantly written, and interesting in every page of it.

THE GOLDEN PRECIPICE. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Cassell.)

As the reader gets under way with this novel, the feeling comes over him: "I have been here before." It does not take long to recollect when and where. Mr. Watson's novel is "Treasure Island" over again: the chart of the treasure and the island, the company of explorers, the mutinous crew, the fight on the island, and so forth. The main feature of novelty is the introduction of a French banker and his niece, the former having absconded with treasure on his person. Mr. Watson, as any one may take for granted, supplies lots of fighting and adventure. Even love-making, which Stevenson eschewed, is not absent from these pages. But there is no character at all equal to John Silver among the rascals on board the *Duncannon*.

RACKET AND REST. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

For the setting of his new novel Mr. Begbie has gone back to the 'eighties, and those of us who have knowledge of those already curiously old-fashioned late-Victorian days will recognise with what true imaginative realism he has re-created them in these pages. You catch glimpses of dead celebrities, echoes of half-forgotten sensations as you progress through the story, until almost insensibly you find yourself reabsorbed in the light and atmosphere of a quarter of a century ago. The story is of how Theodore Sparks, a commonplace good fellow, clerk to an underwriter at Lloyd's, the only son of a deeply religious, large-minded, practical widow, falls madly in love with shallow, frivolous, pretty Dolly Cresset, the daughter of an innkeeper; takes his passion very seriously, and, brooking no opposition, wins his mother to side with him, and, even though he begins to suspect his error as soon as he is engaged, makes Dolly his wife. The ties of marriage are irksome to her; he humours and gives way to her, all the while hoping she will presently settle down, but shortly after the birth of their first child she resolves to realise her ambition to go on the stage, and nothing he can say or do restrains her. She scandalises his suburban circle by becoming presently a noted Gaiety actress; they drift apart, live their separate lives, meeting only once a year. His religious beliefs will

not allow him to abandon her, and through it all he clings to a hope that she will come back to him. His mother is perhaps one of the finest characters in the book—a very beautiful presentment of wise, self-sacrificing, perfect motherhood; Dolly herself and Theodore are drawn with such knowledge and insight that, seeing things from the different standpoint of each of them, you are brought into almost equal sympathy with both. "Racket and Rest" is a brilliant and profoundly interesting study in certain phases of London life, particularly in the lives of two persons of utterly opposed ideals and temperaments; an alert, somewhat saturnine humour plays through its lights and shadows, and it is written throughout with a high sincerity of purpose and real power.

PRIESTS OF PROGRESS. By G. Colmore. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

It is no easy matter to write a good novel with so unpromising a theme as anti-vivisection for its "purpose," and yet this has been accomplished in "Priests of Progress," and with conspicuous success. Apart from the subject-matter the story is thoroughly interesting, the character-drawing is exceedingly well done, and altogether it is a good book. On the question of vivisection "Mr. Colmore" gives us, in an appendix, chapter and verse for all his charges against that school of surgeons to whom inoculation and experiment are of chiefest importance. Frankly opposed to the methods of the vivisectionists and scientific experimentalists, "Mr. Colmore" has taken every pains to avoid exaggeration or any misrepresentation of his antagonists. He gives us the case for vivisection and scientific research (with the inevitable cruelties these things involve) as it is fairly stated by its advocates, and he goes to the root of the matter. But "Priests of Progress" is a book to be read, and we do not want to choke off the lover of good fiction by emphasising, too strongly, its controversial character. Humanitarian, and pro-vivisectionist, and the general reader alike will find good stuff worthy of the fullest consideration—and good entertainment too—in Mr. Colmore's remarkably powerful and thoughtful book.

THE WAR IN THE AIR. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Bell & Sons.)

"The War in the Air" is a typical "Wells" book. There is the appalling cataclysm brought about by scientific invention, there is the little cockney person (whom we first met as Mr. Hoopdriver and later as "Kips"), with his friends, and their amusing talk; and there is also the heavy girding by the author at the follies, weaknesses, and general shortcomings of the human race, with the solemn note of warning at what may happen to us all if we don't speedily amend our ways. For our own part these rebukes and reproaches (doubtless well-deserved) leave us unmoved. We admit the possibility of airships on a large scale, and full of deadly armaments, making havoc of our civilisation, but we can't swallow the notion of all the powers of the earth engaged in war at the same time, and Mr. Wells does not convince us. But our heart goes out to Mr. Bert Smallways of Bun Hill, Surrey, with his cheap clothes and his board-school education, and the final encounter of this hero with the German over-prince, Karl Albert, who made all the trouble, is a great business. In fact, Bert is the life and soul of the book, and it was a stroke of genius to make him a spectator at close quarters of the air battles and an inmate of an imperial German vessel. The reflections and observations of Mr. Smallways are under the circumstances naturally appropriate and to the point. It is needless to say that "The War in the Air" is interesting—we take that for granted when Mr. H. G. Wells is the author.

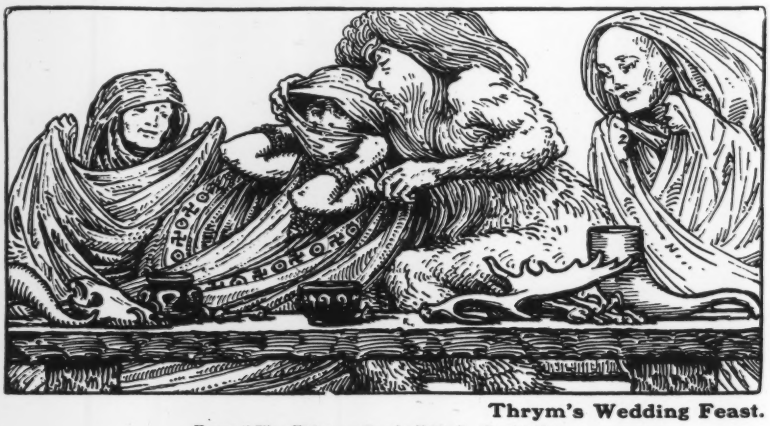
The Bookman's Table.

ANATOLE FRANCE. By George Brandes. 1s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The vice of the professional critic is the desire to systematise and codify. He is not content with analysis and is obsessed with the idea that the essence of every great writer's work can be reduced to a kind of tabloid, as unappetising and as bloodless as a tabloid of beef. Even so sane a critic as Dr. Brandes is not wholly exempt from the infirmity of his kind, and he devotes far too much of his little monograph to an examination of the philosophy of Anatole France. Now M. France never touches any subject without suggesting some audacious or illuminating thought, but when his ideas are reduced to a coherent system, they lose their brilliance and originality. There are probably thousands of French Socialists whose views on economic questions do not differ materially from those of the author of "Monsieur Bergeret," and M. Hervé's crusade shows that there are not a few who share his anti-militarist theories; but there is still only one man who can write dialogue as witty and polished as that in "Le Lys Rouge," or satirise modern civilisation with the delicate irony of "L'Île des Pingouins." M. France is primarily a critic of life rather than a constructive thinker, and his influence is due to his wit, his irony, and the flawless beauty of his style, not to any mere philosophy. "The true author," writes Dr. Brandes, "is recognisable by the existence on every page of his works of at least one sentence or one phrase which none but he could have written." Like Matthew Arnold's touchstones of true poetry, this test is elusive, but of Anatole France at least it is absolutely true. Dr. Brandes rightly emphasises the fact that M. France's irony is concealed. His keenest irony comes from the mouths of his most naïve and simple characters. It is always indirect, like that of Pangloss in "Candide." Another feature of M. France's method to which Dr. Brandes draws attention is the frequency with which he introduces himself into his books, notably as Bergeret, as Trublet in "L'Histoire Comique," and again twice in the same book as Dechatre and Paul Vence in "Le Lys Rouge." There is no indication on the title-page of when Dr. Brandes' book was written, but it appears from a facsimile of a letter from M. France to the author that it must be at least three years old. It is interesting and unpretentious, but somewhat meagre and disappointing as the work of so eminent a critic.

THE ELDER OR POETIC EDDA (commonly known as **Cæmund's Edda**). Part I. The Mythological Poems. Edited and translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Olive Bray. Illustrated by W. G. Collingwood. 15s. net. Viking Club Translation Series. (D. Nutt.)

The two Eddas are among the literary treasures of the



Thrym's Wedding Feast.
From "The Elder or Poetic Edda." (David Nutt.)

world, besides being the main sources from which we draw our knowledge of the faith of our own forefathers and of the myths and heroic legends which inspired them. Yet the volume before us is the first attempt to place them before the British public in a guise that may appeal to the general reader, as well as to the student and scholar. The Viking Club has catered for both classes, presenting us with an Icelandic text founded on the best and latest authorities, and an English rendering which, while keeping close to the original, is both readable and literary. Besides text and translation, Miss Olive Bray supplies a full commentary on the Edda and its mythology as a whole, as well as on each separate poem. The old Norse mythology is a tangled subject and presents many problems never likely to be solved. It has given rise to countless controversies which still rage hotly. Over these Miss Bray trips lightly and with excellent judgment, indicating the issues that have been raised, showing how the poems help to explain each other, questioning how far they may be regarded as fragments of one great design and how far as a compost of different strata of human thought and enlightenment. She is, perhaps, over-ready to adopt explanations founded on nature-myths, and to read into the poems modern ethical ideas, foreign to the age in which the myths can have arisen or in which they took their present shape. But, taken as a whole, her introduction should serve alike the reader who only wants a key to the understanding of the poems, or the student who wants to know where he may find clues to guide him in his study. Notes, bibliography, and index add to the value of the book. Professor Collingwood's illustrations, of which we give as a specimen "Thrym's Wedding Feast," taken from the famous story of how Thor lost his hammer, are generally excellent, and add much to the attraction of the book. Many of the motives in them are valuable as suggested by sculptures on pre-Norman monuments in the North of England, themselves of Scandinavian origin and illustrating subjects taken from the Edda. In general appearance and get-up the book is excellent.

THOMAS KEN AND IZAAK WALTON: A Sketch of Their Lives and Family Connection. By E. Marston. With numerous Illustrations. 6s. net. (Longmans.)

"Thomas Ken and Izaak Walton" is another delightfully old-fashioned book by "The Amateur Angler," Mr. E. Marston. It has the stamp of a hearty affection for books and men in every chapter, without form, without display, and without any attempt to appeal to those who are not fellow lovers of books and men and fishing. In his prefatory note he tells us how kindly his other books have been received, and in particular how one reader told him "that he had given a copy of one of my books to an old gentleman 'who is troubled and disabled with the American millionaires' disease, having got together more than he can get rid of, or, as they express it here, he has bitten off more than he can chew.'" Mr. Marston comments in the words of Walton: "Poor rich man, I pity him perfectly." Yet this rich man could enjoy Mr. Marston's book. And no wonder; for he writes and compiles with that unconscious charm not to be pinned down and ascribed to this or that phrase, which is due ultimately to a mind at peace with the world, which has come to terms with life. He has this in common with Walton himself. But he has other things also in common. "Izaak Walton was born in the country; so was I. Izaak Walton dwelt in the purlieus of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, for more than fifty years; so have I. He was a vestryman of St. Dunstan's for many years; so was I." Also he has fished in the Lea and in the Dove, in Itchen, Test and Avon; and he says with a touch of pride: "Walton was sixty-nine before he went to live at Winchester, and therefore in all probability before he ever fished the Itchen; I, too, had nearly reached that age before I ever saw or fished the Itchen."

THE DIWAN OF ABU'L-ALA. By Henry Baerlein. 1s. net. (John Murray.)

Under the capable editorship of Mr. Cranmer-Byng and Dr. Kapadia, the "Wisdom of the East" Series now runs into some score of little volumes, and the latest addition to them, Mr. Baerlein's selection of the poems of Abu'l-Ala, the blind Syrian, is one of the freshest and most charming. Abu'l-Ala was born forty-four years before Omar Khayyam; in colour and thought and feeling his poetry has much in common with Omar's—it is edged with a genial stoicism, a kindly pessimism that yet has an underlying, a wistful glimmer of hope, and the fire and warmth of a rich imagination flashes and glows through it all. It is impossible, unless one has studied the original, to say for how much of its beauty and fascination this translation is indebted to the translator; it is enough to say that it has an ease and grace, a nervous sensitiveness of feeling, a music and language of poetry that can never be translated unless the translator himself is a poet and brings to his work infinitely more than the mere knowledge of the linguist. You may compare many of Mr. Baerlein's verses with the best of FitzGerald's, and they lose nothing by the comparison. Here are some three or four stanzas chosen almost at random that shall justify this praise:

"Steed of my soul! when you and I were young
We lived to cleave as arrows through the night,—
Now there is ta'en from me the last of light,
And wheresoe'er I gaze a veil is hung.

"No longer as a wreck shall I be hurled
Where beacons lure the fascinated helm,
For I have been admitted to the realm
Of darkness that encompasses the world. . . .

"Ah! never may we hope to win release
Before we that unripeness overthrow,—
So must the corn in agitation grow
Before the sickle sings the songs of peace."

IRISH POEMS. By Alfred Perceval Graves. 2s. net. (Dublin: Maunsel & Co.)

The author of "Father O'Flynn" is too "remote, serene, and inaccessible" in his fame to suffer by criticism or to profit. But that song was evidently a present from the gods. He asked for it a hundred times and then got it, and asked a hundred times more in vain. Mr. Graves tells us he had the good fortune as a child "of constantly having in my ears that translation into English of Irish idioms which renders the speech of the Kerry peasant so peculiarly poignant and picturesque." But unfortunately he has to translate ordinary English into that dialect. His English poems show no originality and small skill. Is it therefore to be wondered that the translation fails? The most he achieves is a jolly jauntiness (and even that is often rheumaticky in the legs) and a feeling that some of his characters were very decent Irish people in the flesh. It must, however, be added that the singable songs are many, and include several fitted to melodies that are equal to "Father O'Flynn."

A BOOK OF SIMPLES. A copy of an 18th Century Still-room Book. 14s. net. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

Life must have held many charms in the days when the original of this fascinating book was compiled. It was found, the editor tells us, in the library of a distinguished Essex antiquary. It was made of vellum, and bound in green with a golden design upon the cover; the writing, spelling and punctuation were varied, and experts have placed the date of it about the middle of the eighteenth century. Life, we say, must have held many charms when such salves and cordials, conserves and perfumed waters were made at home. We turn a page before us and we read—"Take a gallon of Spring water a handfull of lavender flowers and as many pinks 3 handfulls of damask roses as much sweet marjerum the peels of 6 oranges 12 cloves bruise all these and put to them one ounce of orrise powder"—and so forth. "Sullibubs," "marmelade of

quinces," "sirrop of violets"—these are the titles which call up pictures before our eyes. But, alas, there are other titles, other pictures called up; and when we read the remedy for Yellow Jaundice and ye Falling Sickness, beginning, "Take a peck of garden snails and wash them in a great bowle of beer and then make your chinney very clean and pour half a bushell of charcole and set yt afire . . . next take a quart of earth wormes and slit them," etc., etc., a long, long recipe of strong, strange condiments, we think that perhaps, after all, there may be compensations in our less picturesque age. In these pages we may learn how to distil "The Lady Buttons Melancholy Water," make "The Lady Ashfields Almond Puffs," "John Raysies Beef Collops," and "Dr. Moors admired Pills." Pleasant it must have been to dwell in an age when our puddings were sweetened with "Reasons of ye Sun, ston'd and shred," but—rich and rare though their puddings might be—we have been reading in these pages of the antidotes, and we have fewer regrets than might be supposed for having been born too late.

IN A STREET—IN A LANE. By N. W. Byng. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Wearily, in many streets and lanes, have I perused the modern book of verse—so small in size that I can rarely keep a few from entering my pocket, so small in magic properties that I am rarely made to look on street or lane with deeper love. But now I have read about the aged crossing-sweeper who was followed by the poet to her crazy door:

"And through the window I did then behold
The woman, and her lips were blue with cold.

"And on the table bare she laid a place,
And e'er she ate and drank she said a grace.

"And as I looked, One entered by the door,
And smiled upon her as He crossed the floor.

"He sat beside her in the empty chair,
And of her humble supper craved His share."

And turning over a few pages I came upon an exquisite picture of the Full Moon:

"The risen moon,
Far across a sea of rye,
Trembling sweeps the fairy light,
Breezes swiftly wake and die,
Day is fled and here is night
In silver shoon.

"How stands the rye?
Full-eared heads in line on line,
Crowned in green and touched with light,
All in ashy splendour shine,
Moved by winds and rippling white
With frequent sigh."

So you will not be surprised that, as I read, my step should quicken. I was searching for such a green and white shop as is depicted on the cover, since it might be possible in such a place to find another copy. But I could not find the shop. And I read, for my consolation, a poem called "Waiting," which ends in this way:

"Spring-time and azure skies above,
Mild airs the new leaves fan.
Oh, lilac flowers and youth and love,
And I—a grey old man!"

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD & SONS.

It is an interesting fact that within a few months of the publication of a biography of Miss Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham should appear a similar volume on the life of so kindred yet so opposite a teacher of girls as Miss Hannah Pipe. Miss Anna Stoddart's volume, **Life and Letters of Hannah E. Pipe** (15s. net),

From "Life and Letters of Hannah E. Pipe." (Blackwood.)

shows us a woman peculiarly gifted for the training and influencing of the young; a woman cultured, refined, yet wonderfully able to realise opposite natures and mould them; a woman beautifully religious and admirably broad-minded; a woman almost picturesquely "old-fashioned" in many of her ideals of girlhood, yet always ready to countenance progress if her heart and head could approve. Miss Pipe was herself a Wesleyan, and her school at Laleham became a home of great and good influence to scores of Nonconformist girls. She did not see eye to eye with those whose ideals resulted in Girton and Newnham, but she gathered around herself teachers of wide repute, and guided her girls to become good, thoroughly cultivated women, rather than clever obtainers of degrees. The story of her life, her early struggles and her triumphs, is in itself an influence for good.

MR. HENRY J. DRANE.

There is good material in Mr. John March's novel, **The Lady Erpingham** (6s.); it is very full of life, incident, and observation. There is an almost old-fashioned generosity in the matter of side-characters; and the small town in which the story takes place becomes as familiar as do the backgrounds of novels by such writers as Mrs. Henry Wood. Mr. March needs to cultivate simplicity and restraint before he writes another book. His use of obscure and unusual language makes his whole story somewhat artificial; not only do the head-master and the under-master speak in high-flown phrases, but even the gentle, lovely young heroine does the same. For instance—to open the book at random—when suffering under a change of behaviour in her bridegroom, she says to her godfather: "There was no real strength or permanence in my husband's love. . . there has been a quick accretion of irritation and amiable indifference. Goddy, the extraordinary compositæ in Marney's magnified personality, has hypnotised him." "Goddy, I am not jealous. . . . I sicken at the hideous banality of being forcefully posed for the butt of his unblushing apothegms." This is scarcely the impulsive cry of a simple, loving, unhappy wife.

XUM

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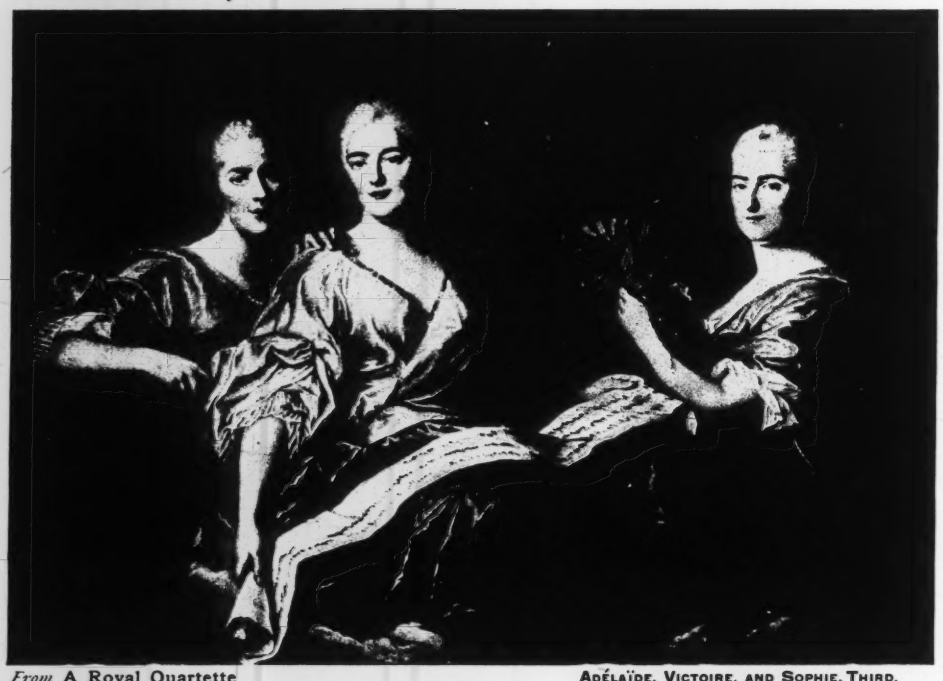

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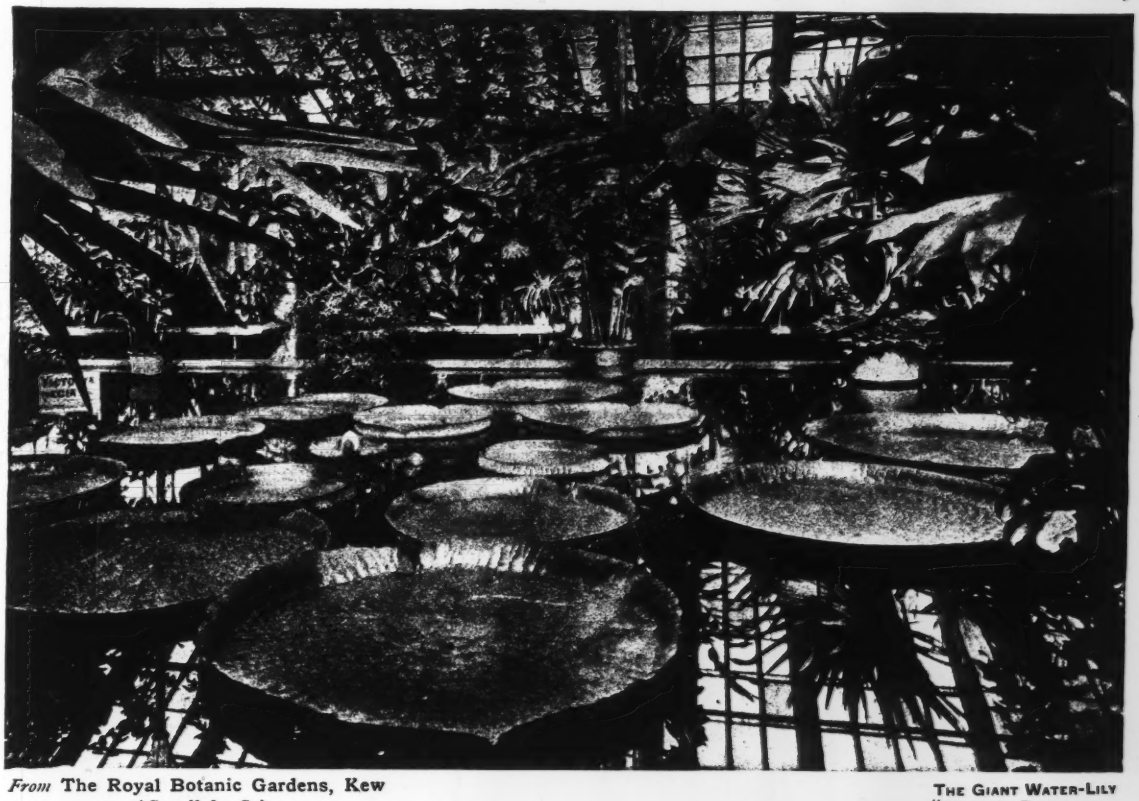

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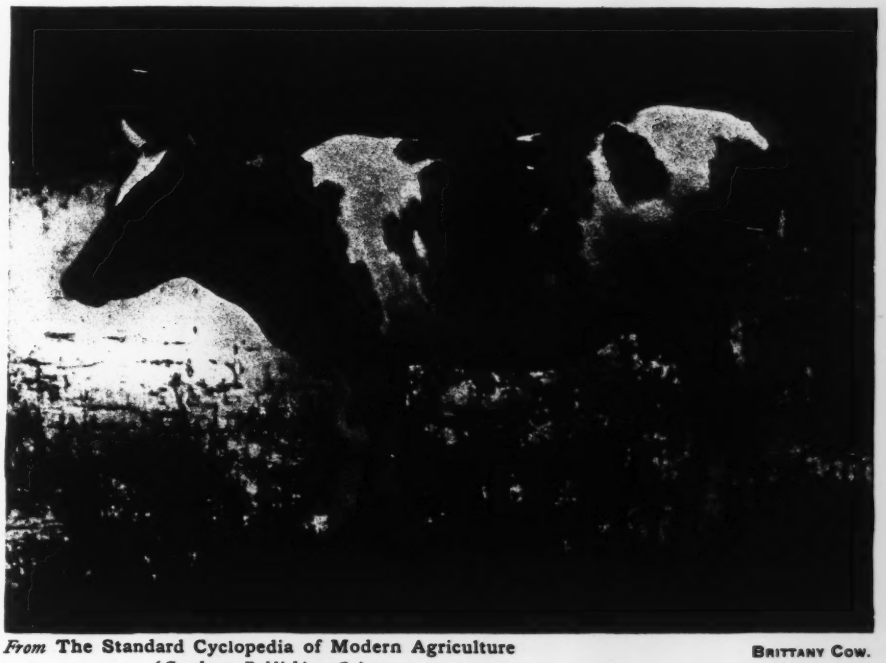

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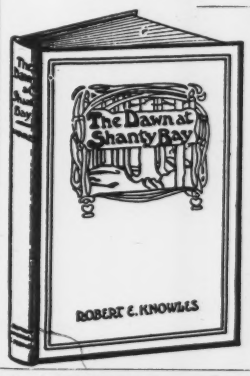

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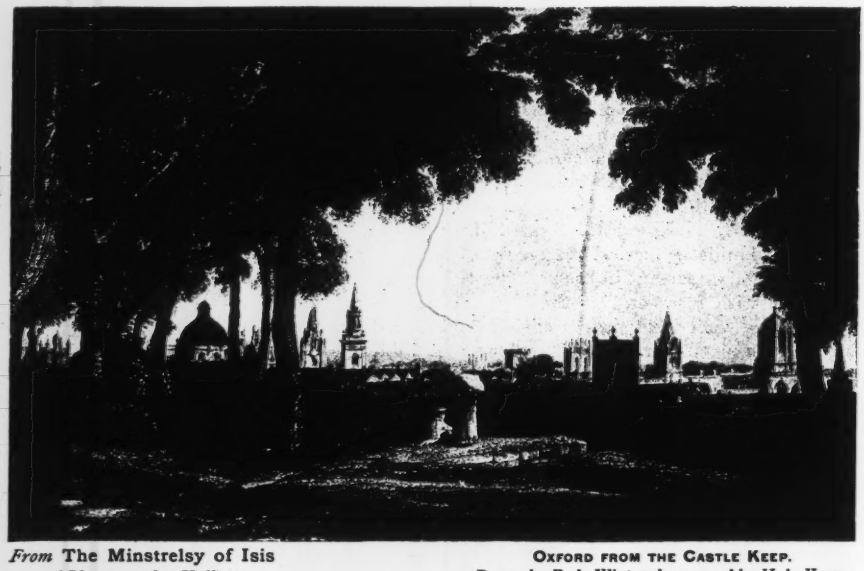

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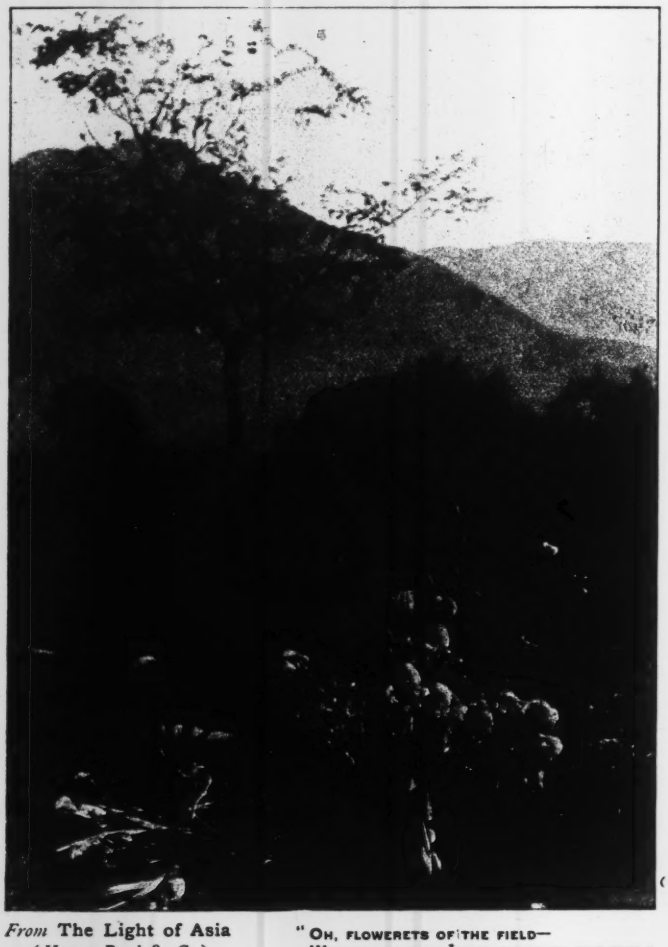

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WHO TURN YOUR TENDER FACES TO THE SUN."

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. With Illustrations from Photographs by MABEL EARDLEY-WILMOT. 15s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

Sir Edwin Arnold's great poem depicting the life and the wonderful philosophy of the founder of Buddhism received its tribute of fame many years ago, and there is no need now to repeat words of eulogy on a work which has already won its place in literature and in the hearts of the people. But for this specially beautiful edition of the poem we cannot forbear to offer hearty admiration. From the pure white covers, with the mystical-looking scene where—

"The Evening stood between them like some maid
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-rolled clouds
Her braided hair,"

to the last of the soft, delicate pictures of the Eastern land, the book is wholly tasteful and satisfactory. The artist has made her camera do work which rivals the brush, and by her admirable understanding of the country and of the poem has truly helped this interpretation of Sir Edwin Arnold's thoughts. It forms a very charming gift-book, and its publication at this season will prove the wisdom of its publishers.

THE MINSTRELSY OF ISIS.

Edited by J. B. FIRTH. With Illustrations. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Not even the jerry-builder, not even that uglifying modern epidemic so often euphemistically termed "the spirit of progress," have robbed Oxford of all her haunting, indescribable charm. Her fascination is greatly independent of bricks and mortar or subversive politics. The secret lies in her age and her youth; in her continuous gathering together of young impulses, ideas, and emotions,

From **Wayside and Woodland Ferns**
(F. Warne & Co.)

Male Fern by Afon Las, North Wales.

and not less in her dispersing of these, somewhat matured, to the four corners of the earth; while she still holds each of her sons by long, light chains, and draws him back to her tolerant, age-young heart again. This endless charm of Oxford is felt as soon as the pages of this volume are turned, an anthology of poems relating to Oxford, for here is Oxford, Oxford revealed in her many moods, and shown in many garbs. Mr. Firth has classified his material, and his method proves his editorial fitness. Although Oxford poems of the very first merit are by no means common, a reading of this collection will soon assure us that the writers had, at any rate, the right feeling and gained the right effect. The haunting scenery of Bablockhythe, Cumnor, Boar's Hill, Godstowe, Shotover, Bagley; the grey, hospitable walls, and walks and gardens; the life of the streets, of the alehouses, of the lecture-rooms; the light heart of the new-comer, the proud, loving melancholy of the son revisiting his Alma Mater—all are represented. And though Cambridge claims the poets, and though Oxford's acknowledged poets wrote but little on the subject of their University, the riches in this volume are undeniable, counting from Chaucer's poor clerk to Arnold's scholar gipsy; from Drayton's song of Isis to the retrospects of young poets still with us, whose retrospects are still short. No one need be in doubt as to one gift-book, at least, to choose for an Oxford friend. Every Oxford man should be the owner of a copy of Mr. Firth's volume, for though "knowledge" is the word which obviously rhymes with "college," there is something better than "knowledge" in these pages—something which stands for the wide world and life and time.

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By Edward Step. With Coloured and other Illustrations. 6s. net. (F. Warne & Co.)

Mr. Step justifies the publication of this new volume of Fern-lore very prettily by saying, amongst other reasons, that it is "a book for the Nature-lover, not the Nature-destroyer for whom most fern-books have been written hitherto." And if you come to think of it, most botanical works *do* send people to the far corners of the earth grubbing up rare specimens and making them rarer. This little book has many claims to our notice and affections: it shows us by a series of beautiful photographs the ferns growing so charmingly and so happily that few fern-lovers will have the heart to go and grub them up to press the fronds between blotting-paper. We are in full agreement with Mr. Step in his opinion of the spoilers of the country who tear at hedges and cliffs till they have robbed a district and left it bare, for the purpose of seeing, as a rule, specimens languishing in uncongenial soil and climate. This volume is handy in size, very full of the right kind of teaching, and made both useful and ornamental by its unusually fine series of coloured specimens, and the photographs taken direct from nature. It is such a companionable little book that as a pocket guide to British ferns and mosses we have not seen its equal. It is also, too, a new volume in the "Wayside and Woodland Series."

THE WOMEN BONAPARTES.

By H. Noel Williams. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Methuen.)

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"AR NIVER GETS OFF!"

himself to tell the life-stories of the mother and three of the sisters of the first Napoleon. Each of these women was in her way a remarkable personality; each is interesting in herself, and doubly so because of her near relationship to the greatest leader of men the world has ever seen; but it is the character of the mother that stands out most memorably as a very embodiment of practical, common-sense, but none the less lovable womanhood. Mr. Williams writes lucidly and attractively; he gives us the fruits of careful and patient research, but handles facts as lightly and deftly as if they were fancies, and makes pleasantly readable as well as historically valuable what might easily have been historically valuable only. The two volumes are illustrated with many excellent portraits of those personages of the Consulate and the Empire who figure in Mr. Williams's pages.

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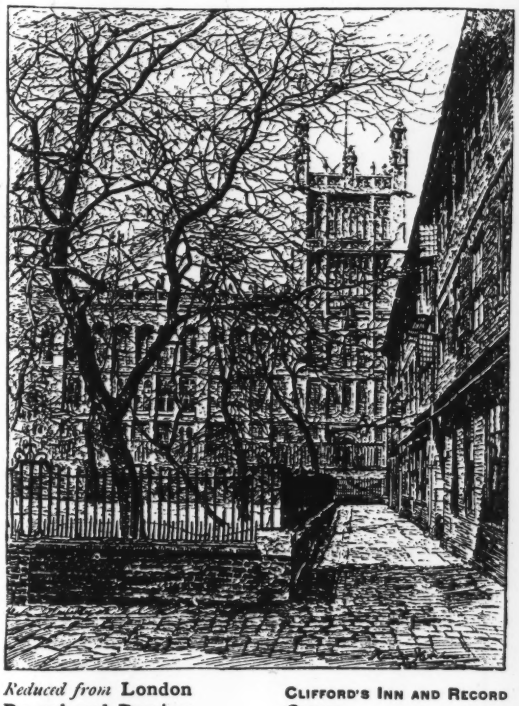

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wonder what the builders build one-half so picturesque or so beautiful as the things they destroy. Letterpress, illustrations, and the quietly artistic get-up of this book make it, both for its appearance and the interest of its contents, a wholly desirable possession.

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From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border (*A. Melrose*).

"AND WILL YOU BE SO KIND, FAIR MAY AS COME OUT AND POINT MY WAY?"

was one of the forgeries of Surtees. The last verse of "Sir Patrick Spens" has many different readings: "Aberdeen" and "Aberdour" are rivals for mention. Mr. Noyes solves the difficulty by reading "Aberdoux." We heartily applaud the fineness of Mr. Noyes's selective judgment. He has edited in haste, but his selection is the work of a man who has an intuitive perception for fine workmanship in an art which he himself adorns. The tasteful volume should become very popular with all who love a good ballad.

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From **New Light on Ancient Egypt** (*T. Fisher Unwin*).

THE COVER OF ONE OF THE BIG COFFINS IN DAVIS'S TOMB.

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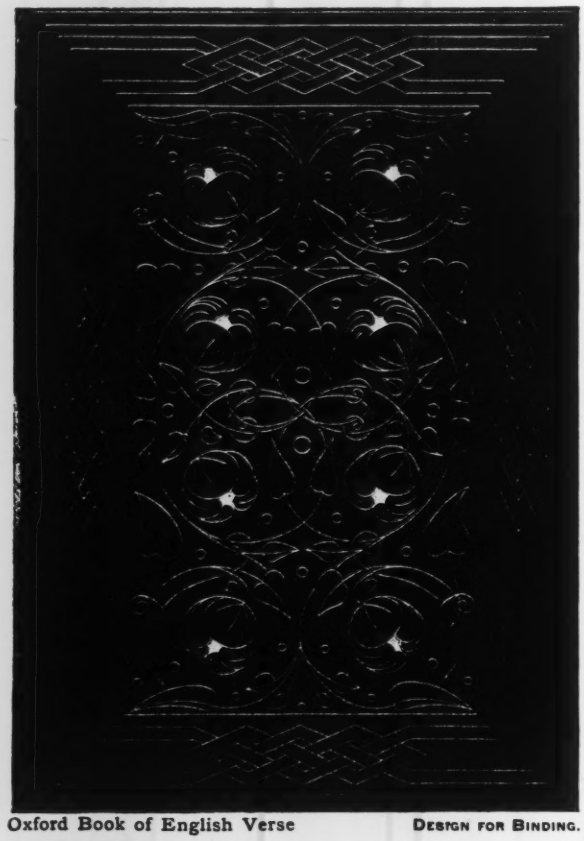

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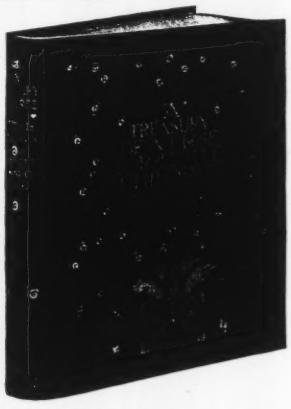

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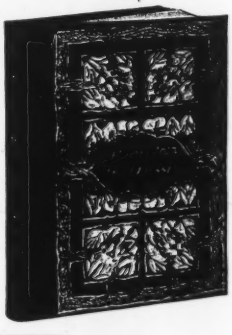

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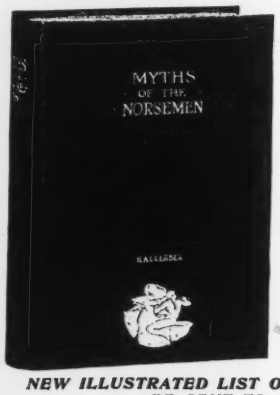

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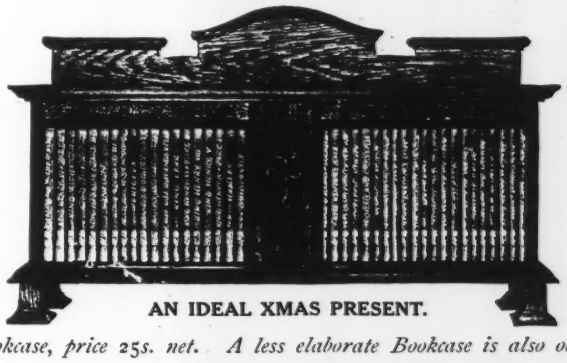

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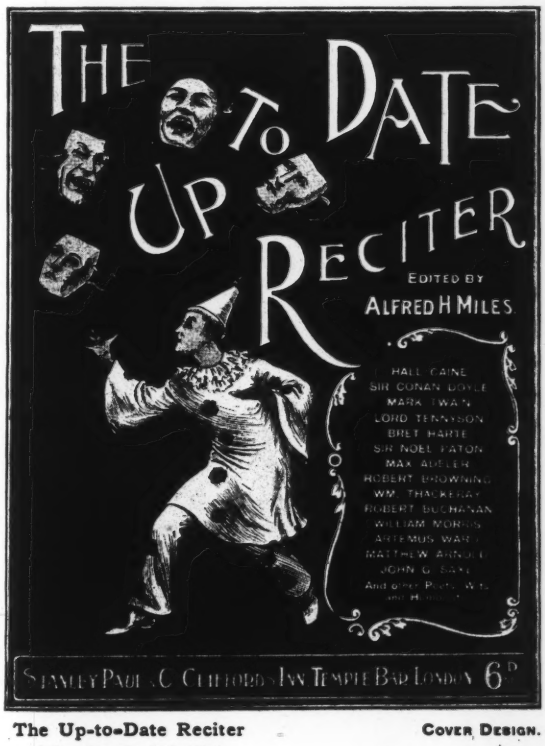

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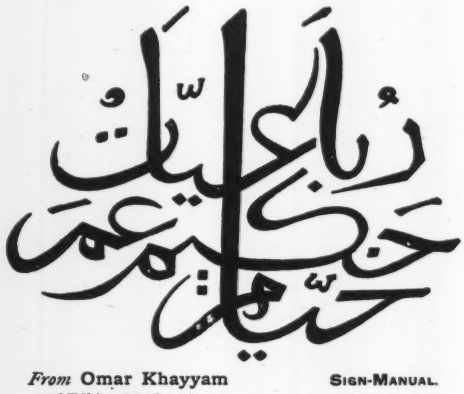

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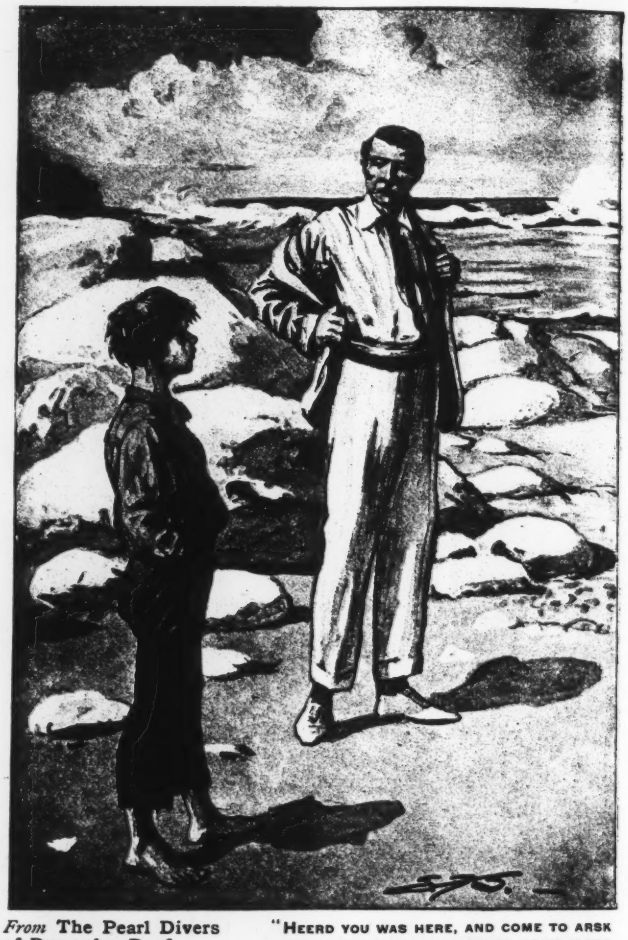

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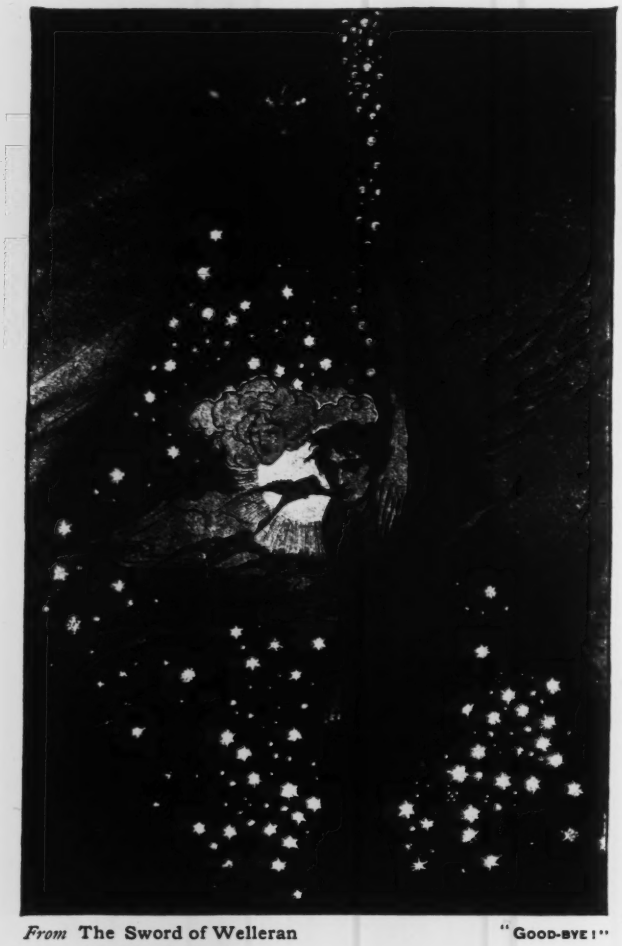

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From **Motor Days in England**
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THE OLD YARN MARKET AT DUNSTER.
Tower on ridge of Conygar in distance.

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Charles Dickens loved Christmas, and brought the cheer of it to many homes, and it is most appropriate that this new work on his life and his circle of friends should be issued just at this time. Mr. Teignmouth Shore is a true Dickensian, and his long interest in the subject has made him familiar with the period in which the novelist lived as well as with the men and women he called his friends. In the first parts of this alluring book we already see the happy, affectionate circle—Forster, Talfourd, Macready, Lytton, Browning, Procter, Stanfield, Leigh Hunt, Maclise, Jerrold and others, we hear them talk and see them laugh and joke. They were in such spirits—this young circle—at their best times. London, it has been said, *felt* when Dickens was in town, his personality was so strong; and this personality can be felt again in these pages, which as the publisher reminds us, can be had for less than a half-penny a day for a short period. Who would not enter the Dickens circle at such a price!

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The title of this book prepares the reader for a display of high spirits, and in that matter nobody will be disappointed. The book itself is a lively chronicle of the history and characters of a north-country fishing-village whose inhabitants have an inherited passion for living on the spoils thrown up by the sea. The scene of the greater portion of the story is laid in the eighteenth century, and there are a few anachronisms in the book, such as a reference to the mistakes of tipsy Russian admirals. The topsy-turvy, rollicking humour of the tale is admirably caught in the eight full-page illustrations.

THE SHADOW OF THE RAGGED-STONE.

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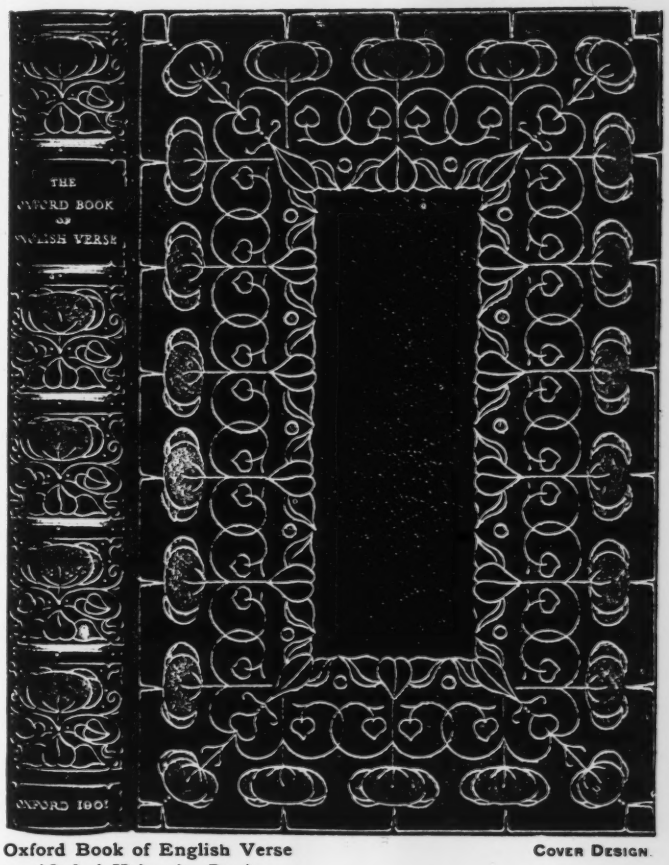
An old and fascinating legend forms the basis of this dramatic tale. At the southern end of the Malvern range of hills is a double peak, the Raggedstone, and from this double peak seems, at times, to rise a curious shadow bearing in its gloom disaster for whomsoever the darkness shall fall upon. The strong, chafing nature of a young monk, an old wrong and a new enmity, start this long, full story upon its inevitable way. The characters apparently possess life and strength, vigour and free will; but to the reader a dominating force leads onward to an inescapable end. The shadow comes and goes almost as a person in the tale, and as a person it seems almost to shape the destinies, rather than forecast them, of the men and women who live within its range. Advisedly was the title of the story chosen, for the shadow is in its way the hero of the book, and to us, at any rate, the portentous shade seems a part of the personality of the monk who plays so important a part in the destinies of the circle of men and women with whom he is brought in contact. It is an unusual story, almost old-fashioned in its seriousness and sense of doom.



Oxford Book of English Verse COVER DESIGN.
(*Oxford University Press*).

MOTOR DAYS IN ENGLAND.

By John M. Dillon. With Illustrations and Maps. 15s. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Mr. Dillon took a motor-car and a cheerful party of Americans to make an extended journey through our land; and the ingredients were so good that the recipe resulted in a complete success and an enjoyable volume. Big towns and small villages were given equal attention if they were considered deserving; and the homes and haunts of the great and the famous, the popular and the notorious, were included in the pilgrimage. "Pilgrimage" seems almost a jest-word to use in connection with a motor-car, but Americans know from old experience that a pilgrim does not necessarily go his way upon his feet; and if the winds and the waves carried him away from these towns and country-sides, there is no valid reason why petrol should not bring him back. This is a cheery book full of bright comment and description on and of men, landscapes, and architecture, with many a picture to bear out the letterpress.

From **The Kalendar of Shepherds** TITLE-PAGE DESIGN.
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OLD LACE.

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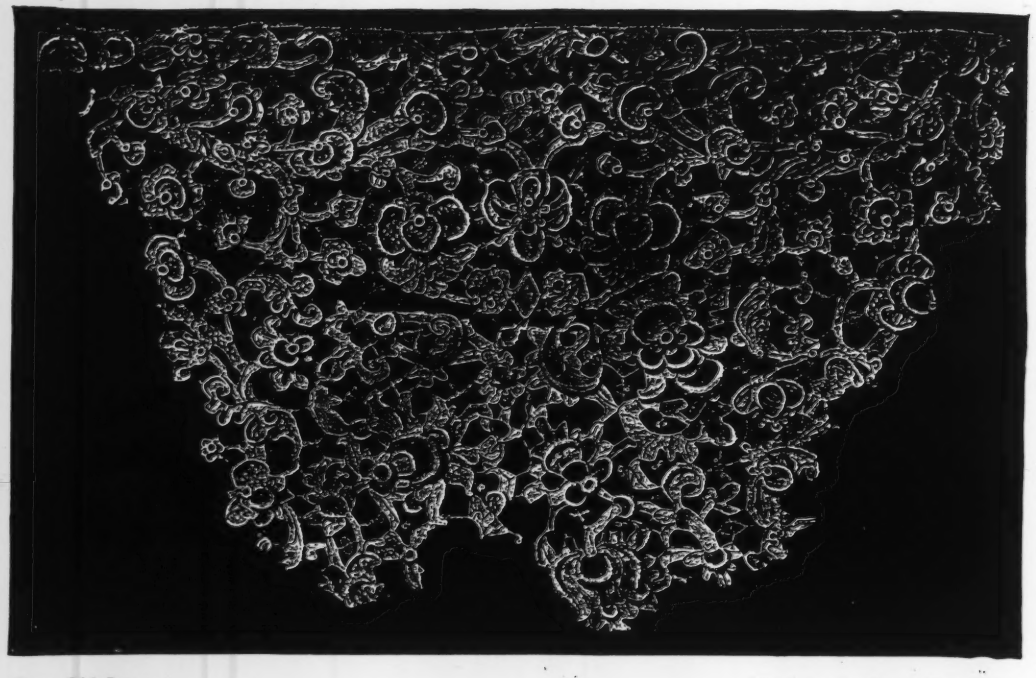


From **Old Lace** (*B. T. Batsford*).

SPECIMEN OF PIECED ROSE-POINT.

This is a handbook for collectors, but it is also a book which every woman will appreciate. Women have always been faithful to their love of lace since the first bobbin lace was made in Italy. In 1526 specimens were taken by merchants from Italy into Germany, and there the women and girls seem to have admired it with so much enthusiasm and zeal that before long they were making their own lace and inventing beauties beyond those of the originals. In spite of the good books on lace which have already been published, there is much new material in this volume, much new ground is traversed, new facts dealing with the laces of many countries have been revealed, and the author's own study and thought have been brought to bear upon the changes in fashion, both as regards texture and design.

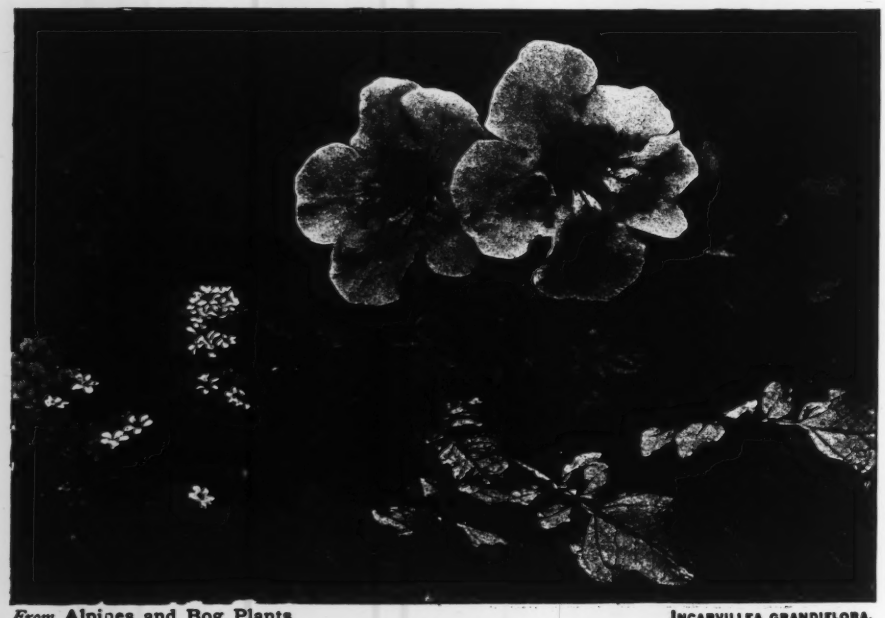
From **The Inner Life of the Navy** (*Pitman & Sons*).

"SCRUB AND WASH CLOTHES." (Photo by Chappell.)

ALPINES AND BOG PLANTS.

By REGINALD FERRER. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.)

Mr. Ferrer is happy in this volume in doing justice to all those of his beloved rock plants and rock-garden theories which he was forced to neglect in his former charming volume, "My Rock Garden." We cannot help thinking that that former book has been the means of inspiring many an owner of a plot of ground with the ambition to do something more with it than lay down a hundred bulbs or so in November and red geraniums and lobelias in May. The former book was literally inspiring; the latter is, in its way, even more so. The chapters on bog plants are a revelation to the ordinary lover of flowers. Mr. Ferrer has his disappointments and his failures, all of which seem to make us even more friendly towards him; but his book is a most valuable addition, and a most pleasing addition, to the ever-enthralling subject, garden-lore.



From **Alpines and Bog Plants** (*Edward Arnold*)

INCARVILLEA GRANDIFLORA.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

From **In the Fairy Ring** (*Blackie & Son*).

"FOR SLUMBER SEA IS DEEP,
NO PLUMMET HATH SOUNDED IT."

IN THE FAIRY RING.

Written and Drawn by FLORENCE HARRISON. With Coloured Illustrations. 6s. net. (Blackie.)

A very beautiful book is this, large and dainty in its ivory and gold covers; and inside are pictures in gay colours, but colours treated with an artist's finish. Miss Harrison has done all the work herself, and it will win nursery-friends for her from far and near. Nine poems with a pretty idea in each, easily understood by the child mind, go to make the letterpress and form subjects for the pictures. Our own favourites are "The Wind Elf and the Weather-Cock" and "The Man in the Moon." These are severally humorous and poetic; and perhaps a third favourite and a strong rival is "The Dream Shell," from which we reproduce an illustration reduced in size and in black and white instead of its own lovely colouring. Miss Harrison's illustrations are quite beautiful. They will delight the children, but they will also greatly please their more artistic elders. There is such a sense of ease, of facility and freedom of hand and brain about them. The conceptions are charming and the accomplishment most admirable.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1908

LYRICS, PATHETIC AND HUMOROUS,

from A to Z. By EDMUND DULAC. 6s. net. (F. Warne.)

Mr. Edmund Dulac comes before us here in a newly entertaining fashion. He has written and illustrated an alphabet which will prove a joy to grandfathers and grandchildren. He who so wonderfully illustrated "The Arabian Nights" a year ago shows us on p. 1 that his hand for depicting the "children of the East" has not lost its cunning, although the theme is of a different style. The words run:

"**A** was an Afghan Ameer
Who played the accordion by ear,
When ambassadors called
They first listened appalled,
Then would suddenly all disappear,"

but the sublime smile upon the face of the musician must be seen to be realised. We ourselves reproduce another letter of the alphabet, and another type of Mr. Dulac's versatile work.

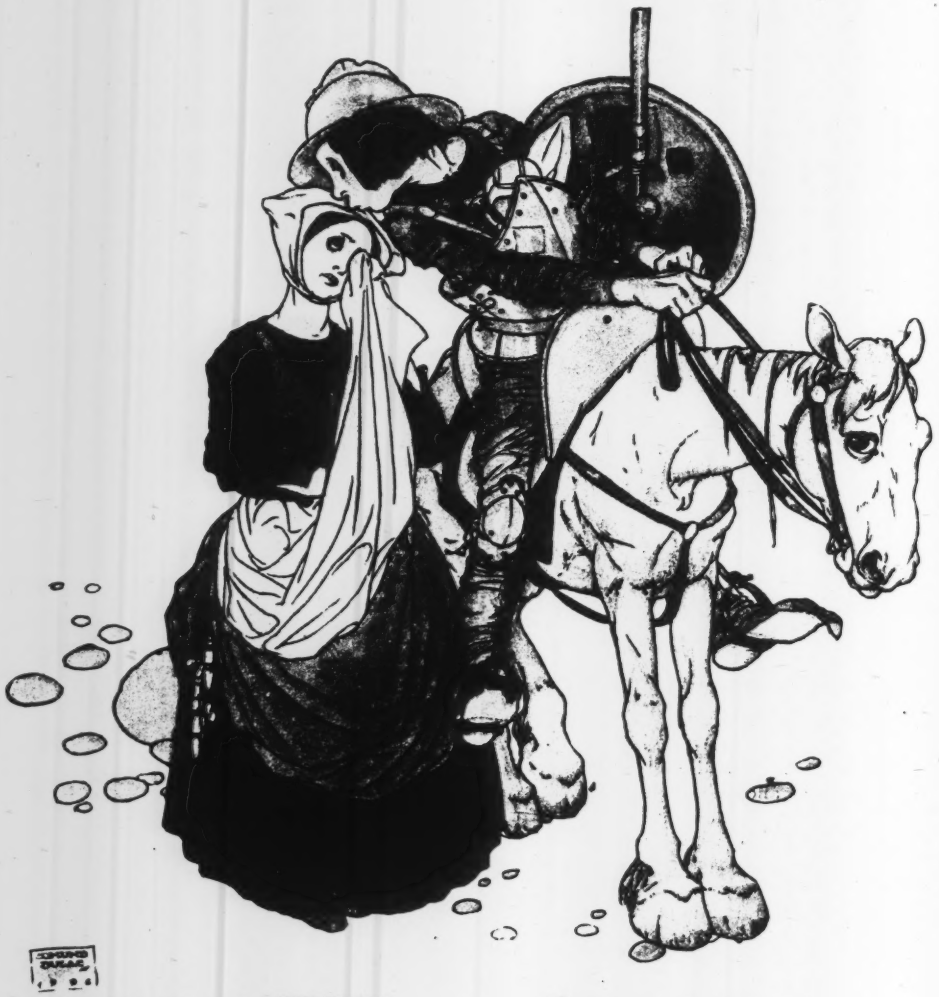
From The Roly-Poly Pudding (*F. Warne & Co.*)

SAMUEL WHISKERS.

THE ROLY-POLY PUDDING.

By BEATRIX POTTER. With Coloured Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (F. Warne & Co.)

Here is one of the Christmas joys we always look forward to—a book by Miss Beatrix Potter. All fortunate persons already know Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit and her children, Moppet, Mittens, and Tom Kitten. The children are a year older now, but Tom has not cured himself of a wrong-headed idea that to do what he likes is the best thing, and that not to do what he doesn't like is mere pleasant adventure. Tom's adventurous way of escaping from the cupboard, where his mother wanted to put him out of the way while she was busy cooking, was anything but pleasant—it was so unpleasant, indeed, that Tom durst not now face anything bigger than a mouse. And any one who wishes to know why, and why, too, this book is called "The Roly-Poly Pudding," has only to turn its pages and look at Miss Beatrix Potter's inimitable pictures, and read her clear, thrilling statement of Tom's doings. The drawing and the colouring, the very right moment and the very right interpretation of it, are all delightful as ever.



From Lyrics, from A to Z (*F. Warne & Co.*)

"L IS A LORN LITTLE LASS WITH A GRIEF THAT NO GRIEF COULD SURPASS"

PEEP-IN-THE-WORLD.

By F. E. CRICHTON. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Edward Arnold.)

The little girl in this story had a father and mother who were obliged to go to India for a whole year. But there was a delightful Uncle Max who lived in an old castle in Germany, and he asked the little girl to come and spend the year with him. In Germany the child was called "Peep-in-the-World," and this book tells us of all she did and saw during the twelve months. She had a little playmate, Hans, the clergyman's son, and she found many other friends; but perhaps her best friend was a little dwarf cobbler who lived in a hut in the forest. The

dwarf was called "Knut," and he was rather gruff and short in his manner; but he loved birds and animals and taught Peep-in-the-World to love them too. This extremely pretty book ends with a typical German Christmas, and what is more it ends with a piece of very great happiness for Uncle Max; and if Peep-in-the-World did not actually give it to him, she certainly did her best, for she asked the Countess Hildegarde—but there, we will not tell the cheerful story. It is to be bought at all bookshops, and should not be told before Christmas.

MEGGIE: A DAY-DREAM.

By Lady Algernon Percy. With Illustrations by F. D Bedford. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

This is a book ostensibly for children, and it is mainly about a child, a little girl, Meggie, and her gradual, sweet, pure growth in her poor surroundings, blessed by the tender care and understanding of "Aunt Susan" and "Granny Dimland." But, although the children may not guess it, there is much in the book which will be hidden

From **Peep-in-the-World** (*Edward Arnold*).

PEEP-IN-THE-WORLD VISITS KNUT.

from their little minds, yet revealed very clearly to their elders. Touches of fun are in the book, sharp little bits of criticism of life and ways and wrongs, of people who think they are right, and are not; and of people who know they are wrong—and continue to be so. This "Day-Dream" will flick many a conscience in its light, not ungentle manner, and will perhaps soften somewhat hardened hearts. Its tale is told with delicacy and grace and a feeling for the poetic side of life. The happy, discursive style of Lady Algernon Percy's writing is not unlikely to prove one of its chief charms to persons who would not think of reading either a *bona-fide* novel or a more usual child's book. Mr. Bedford's illustrations have all the appearance of dainty pencil sketches, and are very light and effective.

From **Meggie: A Day-Dream** (*Smith, Elder*).

"THE CHILDREN WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO MAKE DAISY-CHAINS."

THE ADVENTURES OF BORBEE AND THE WISP.

By Florence K. Upton. With Coloured Illustrations. 6s. (Longmans & Co.)

Miss Upton, the creator of the now world-famed "Golliwogg," has this Christmas created yet another joy for us. There is no denying that "The Wisp" is truly wonderful, half-fly, half-fairy, wholly fascinating, with his long yellow

From **The Adventures of Borbee and the Wisp** (*Longmans & Co.*)

"IF BOY-BORBEE SHOULD LOOK BEHIND HE WOULD SEE A FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHT."

legs, which in one picture seem to be the last word in deportment, and in another picture may be mistaken for a petal of a dandelion. Borbee and Spritey are an "unsophisticated little boy" and a "sophisticated little girl," and their meeting and adventures are not to be told in any review. Their faces, we may, however, remark, remind us more than a little of our old friends, and Golliwogg's friends, the Dutch doll family. Miss Upton has thought of such a charming costume for her sophisticated little girl, Spritey, that we think more than one Spritey will be seen this season at the fancy-dress parties. We shall hope to meet "The Wisp" again, and we wish him as long a life as his forerunner "Golliwogg."

From **The Water Babies**
(*Headley Bros.*)

"GRIMES, THE GARDENER, THE GROOM, THE DAIRY-MAID, SIR JOHN, THE STEWARD, THE PLOUGHMAN —"

THE BOOK OF PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.

By MRS. LANG. Edited by ANDREW LANG. With Coloured and other Illustrations by H. J. FORD. 6s. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The "Lang-book" for this Christmas is written by Mrs. Lang, and she has forsaken fairyland for the land of history. We do not think, however, that children's eager eyes will be dulled by that fact when they look at the book, for herein are most appealing stories of Napoleon; of the poor little baby born at Exeter when the Civil War was raging in England, little Princess Henriette; of Frederick the Great and his sister when they were small children; and of little Isabel, who was a queen at seven years of age; and of several others. Children will not be *obliged* to read this history, but they will give it their whole-hearted affection, we prophesy. The pictures by Mr. Ford are as good as ever, and the volume deserves, by reason of its beauteous blue and gold covers and its enthralling stories, to stand beside the older "Lang-books" on the favourite shelf.

THE WATER-BABIES.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Pictured by GEORGE SOPER. 5s. (Headley Bros.)

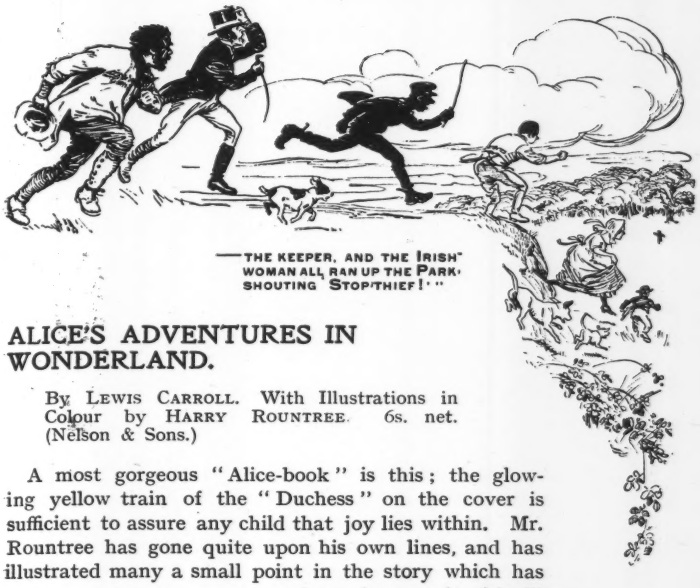
The old, old charm of this unique classic is here again for another generation of children. More boys and girls will learn all about Tom and Grimes, and that early morning journey to sweep the chimneys of Sir John Harthover, and of all the wonders that followed—the delicious coolness of the river, the free delight of meeting the tide and feeling the strong salt sea, and the ways and sayings and doings of the fishes and the mermaids and men, all mingled with the funny lore which Charles Kingsley embroidered on to his stories in his versatile, whimsical way. But Tom and his companions in this volume are enjoying the assistance of a new artist to paint their portraits, and every child who is fortunate enough to number this book amongst his Christmas gifts will agree that Mr. Soper has done excellently. He has caught the humour of the story, he has caught the sadness too. He helps us to realise the faultiness of the soiled little sweep, and the lessons he had to learn before he was washed quite clean by the kind, great cleansing sea. The real and the imaginary are cleverly blended in this "fairy-tale for a land baby."

The Queen envies the Flemish skaters

From **Princes and Princesses**
(*Longmans & Co.*)

From **Alice's Adventures in Wonderland**
(*Nelson & Sons*).

"IT IS A VERY GOOD HEIGHT INDEED."



"THE KEEPER, AND THE IRISH WOMAN ALL RAN UP THE PARK, SHOUTING 'STOP THIEF!'"

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

By LEWIS CARROLL. With Illustrations in Colour by HARRY ROUNTREE. 6s. net. (Nelson & Sons.)

A most gorgeous "Alice-book" is this; the glowing yellow train of the "Duchess" on the cover is sufficient to assure any child that joy lies within. Mr. Rountree has gone quite upon his own lines, and has illustrated many a small point in the story which has never been honoured with illustration before. The result is a real success, which leaves the artist more in the position of a new interpreter than a rival to the well-loved original of Tenniel. We have long looked to Mr. Rountree for some of the most charming colour-work which the Christmas season brings to us, and in "Alice" he has had a most congenial field for his labour. Affectionate care is evident in every figure, from dormouse to Queen, from "antipathies" to "pigs who have a right to fly"; and the wonderful wealth of colour is sufficient to cheer a nursery on the gloomiest of days.

"ALL AT ONCE A LITTLE RABBIT RAN ACROSS THE ORCHARD GRASS."

From **Songs of Happy Childhood**
(*T. Sealey Clark & Co.*)

SONGS OF HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

By IRENE MAUNDER. With Illustrations by CHARLES ROBINSON. 2s. 6d. net. (T. Sealey Clark & Co.)

Perhaps by reason of the subjects chosen by the authoress, perhaps by reason of the artist's well-known and well-loved style, this pretty volume is strongly reminiscent of Stevenson's classic "The Child's Garden of Verses." The little poems are many of them written in the "first person singular," and are written of the countless details of a child's own everyday thoughts and acts.

"When I'm in my little bed, and dark
is all the room,
I feel so terribly alone in all the cold
and gloom.

When I hear the supper clatter,
And I know it's bright downstairs,
Then I wish that I could chatter
In the cosy big armchairs,
With the grown-up folk who never go to bed."

Or—

"I have been naughty all day,
But Annie has been very good.
I spoke in the naughtiest way,
But Annie did just what she should."

Or—

"Once when I was rather less
I sowed some mustard and some cress;

"I sowed the letters of my name
And slowly, slowly, up they came.

"Now every one who comes to see
Will know this place belongs to me."

Mr. Robinson's little incidental figures, as well as his larger illustrations, are perfectly dainty and charming, and display always a happy understanding of childhood and its imagination.

A TREASURY OF VERSE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Selected by M. G. EDGAR. With Illustrations by WILLY POGANY. 7s. 6d. net. (G. G. Harrap & Co.)

Whatever the fascination of real stories and of fairy-tales—and nobody denies that fascination—there is no doubt that no nursery bookshelf should be without a collection of beautiful, simple, children's poems. To fill

From **A Treasury of Verse for Little Children**
(*G. G. Harrap & Co.*)

"UP THE WATER AND O'ER THE LEA,
THAT'S THE WAY FOR BILLY AND ME."

From **In the Beginning**
(*T. Sealey Clark & Co.*)

"WHEN ADAM AWOKE, GOD HAD BROUGHT HIM HIS WIFE."

such a gap, if a gap has been hitherto allowed, complete satisfaction will be given by this most thoroughly charming collection. Not only old favourites are here, but so many new treasures, most wisely selected, that even where the nursery shelf holds an already established favourite, no harm will be done by adding this volume also. In Mr. Willy Pogany we have an artist who is full of fine imagination and happy execution. Looking at his work—which includes illustrations of "The Walrus and the Carpenter"—we strongly feel that in spite of our present Carroll wealth, yet another "Alice" book should be given us—one illustrated by Mr. Pogany; and any one who looks at the inimitable oysters (p. 232) will agree with us, we feel sure. Lewis Carroll himself, we venture to think, would have loved them heartily and recognised that here was an artist who could see into the Carrollian mind. Eight illustrations in colours and more than a hundred in black-and-white make this volume a treasury indeed.

IN THE BEGINNING.

By S. B. MACY. With Illustrations by CHARLES ROBINSON. 6s. net. (T. Sealey Clark.)

We cannot speak too highly of this re-telling of the Book of Genesis in simple language for quite young children. The difficulty of answering the staggering questions deeply thought out by infants in their serious way has proved at times insuperable to many mothers and teachers—the mysteries of the Bible being so inexplicable to young minds. Mrs. Macy has conferred a genuine boon on all who have to keep the nursery interested on Sundays and all who have to train the small people in the Bible truths. The admirable illustrations, too, which include a score of full-page coloured pictures, and literally scores of others in black-and-white, will help the children to understand the land and the people which the many stories tell of. The subject is treated, both by writer and artist, with entire reverence, and yet the familiar language and the admirable simplicity of the scenes depicted will make strong appeal to the young listeners and not prove too deep a mystery for them.

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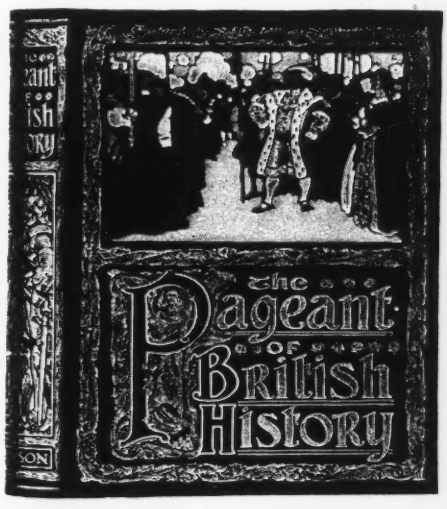

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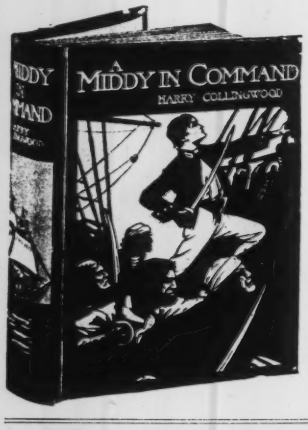

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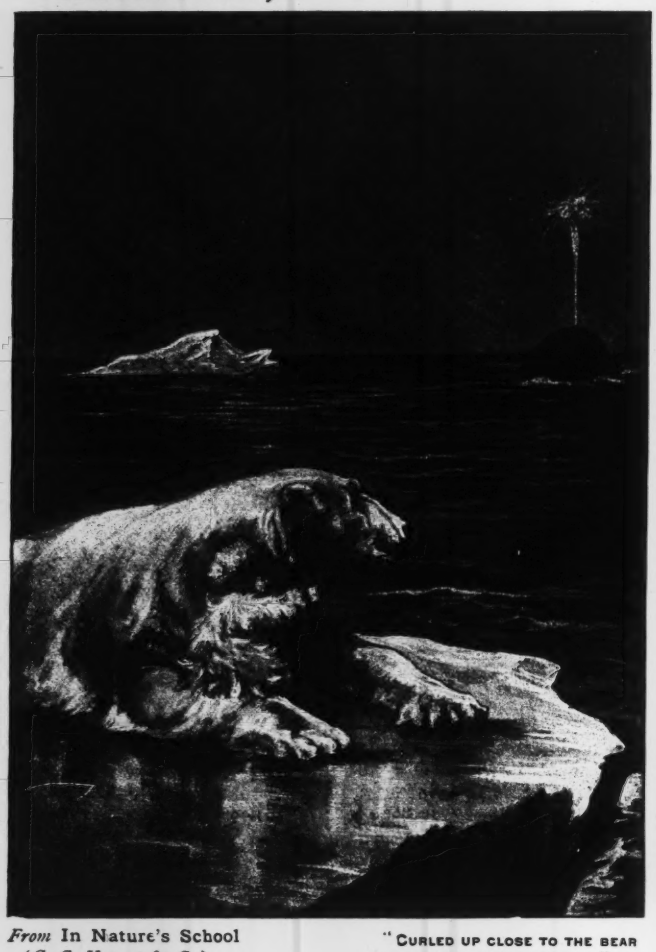

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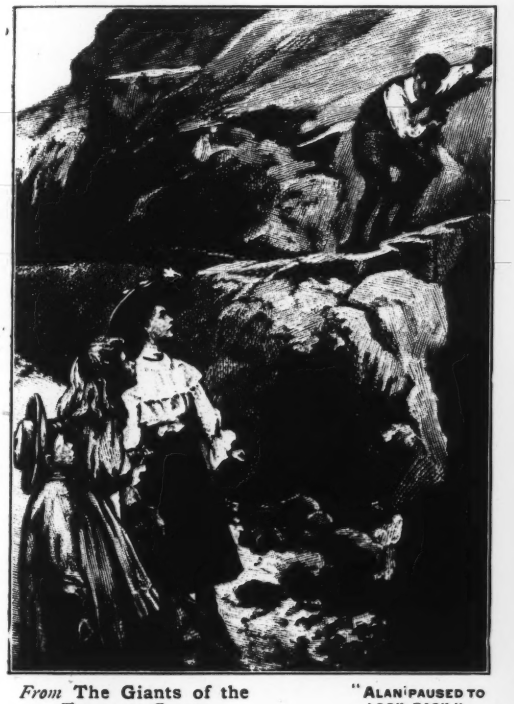

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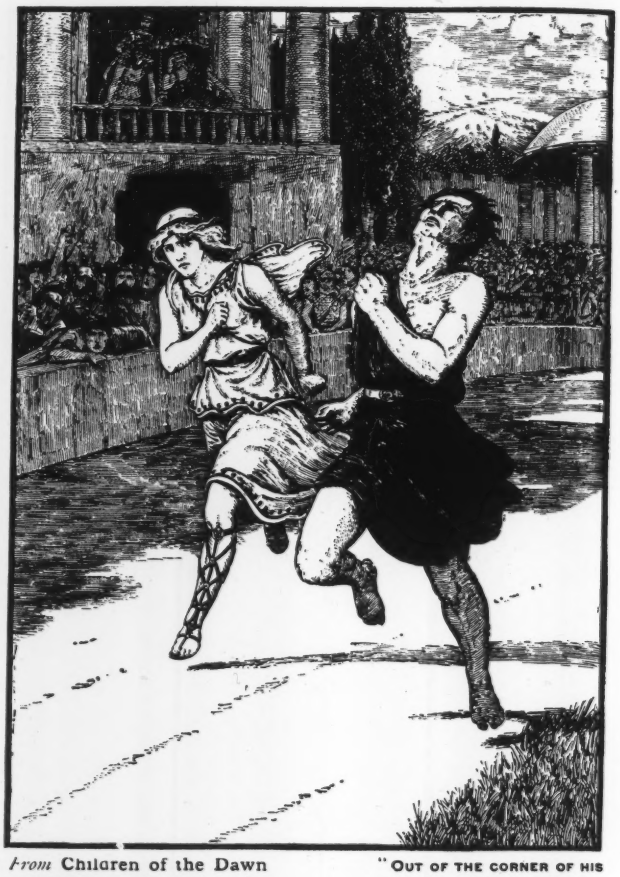

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